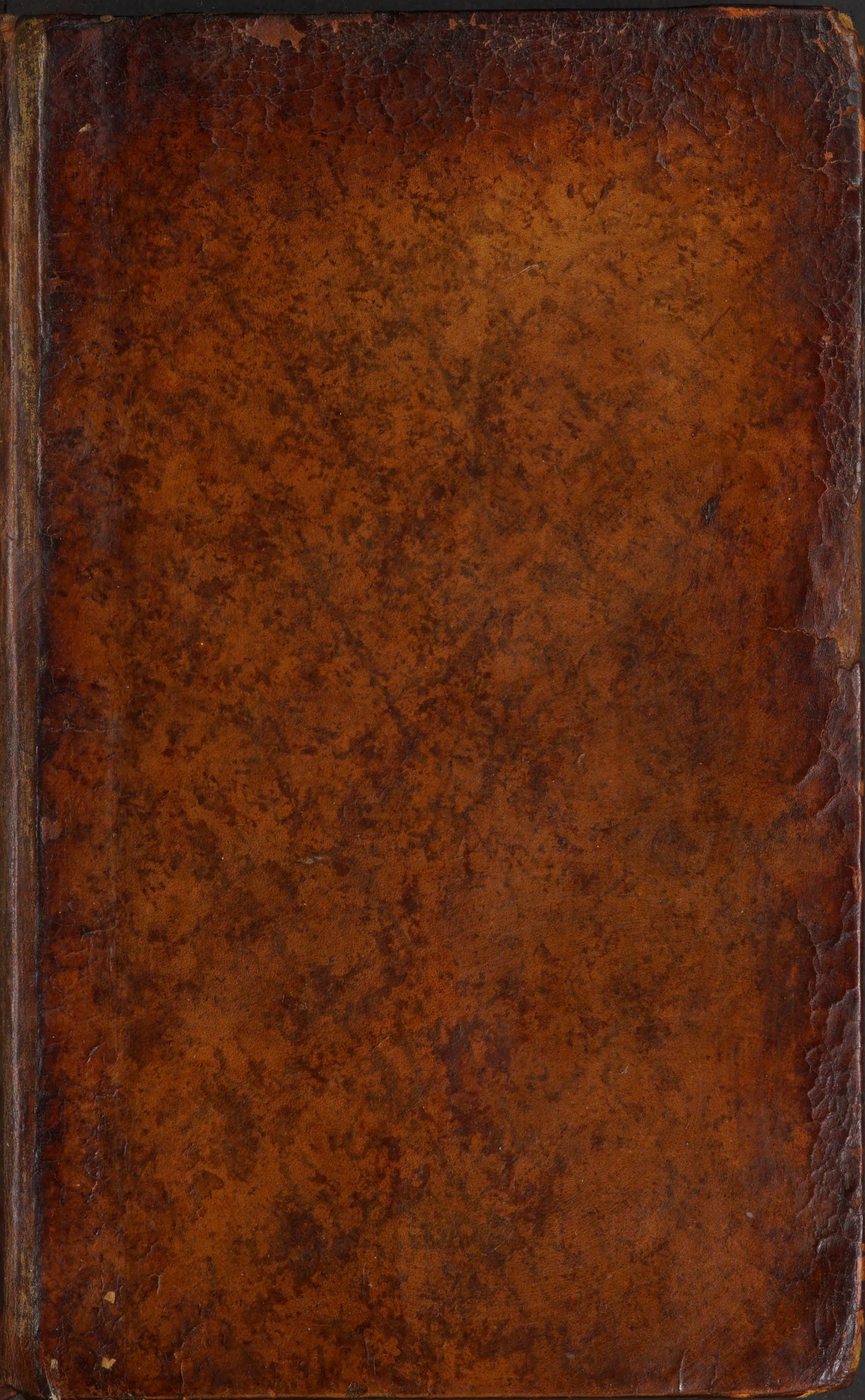
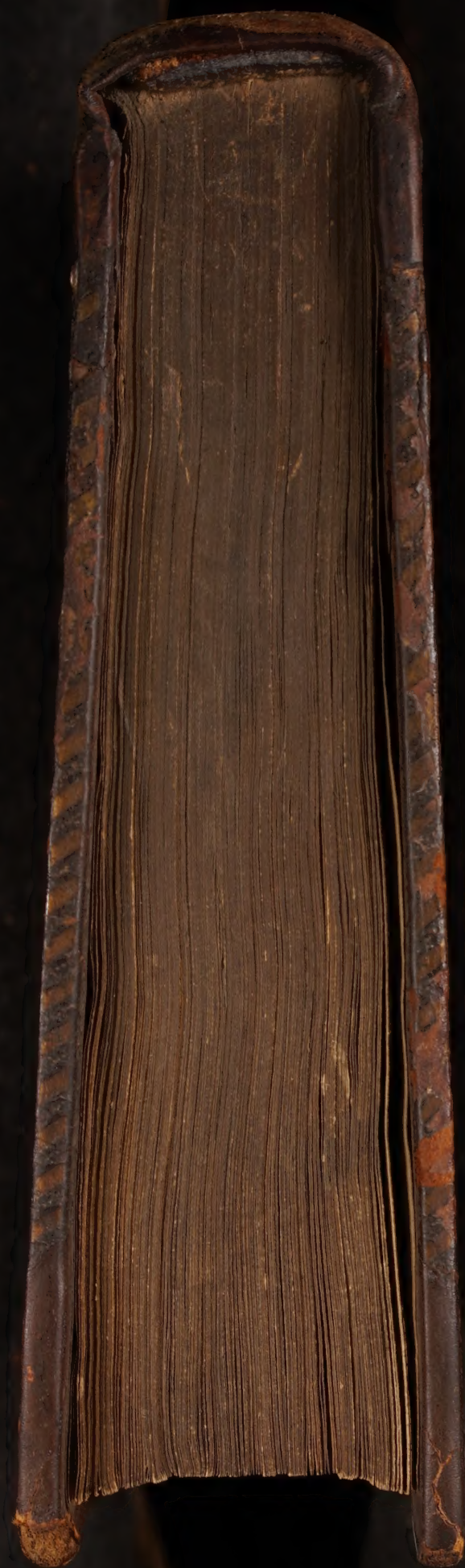




CHATTERTON

1778







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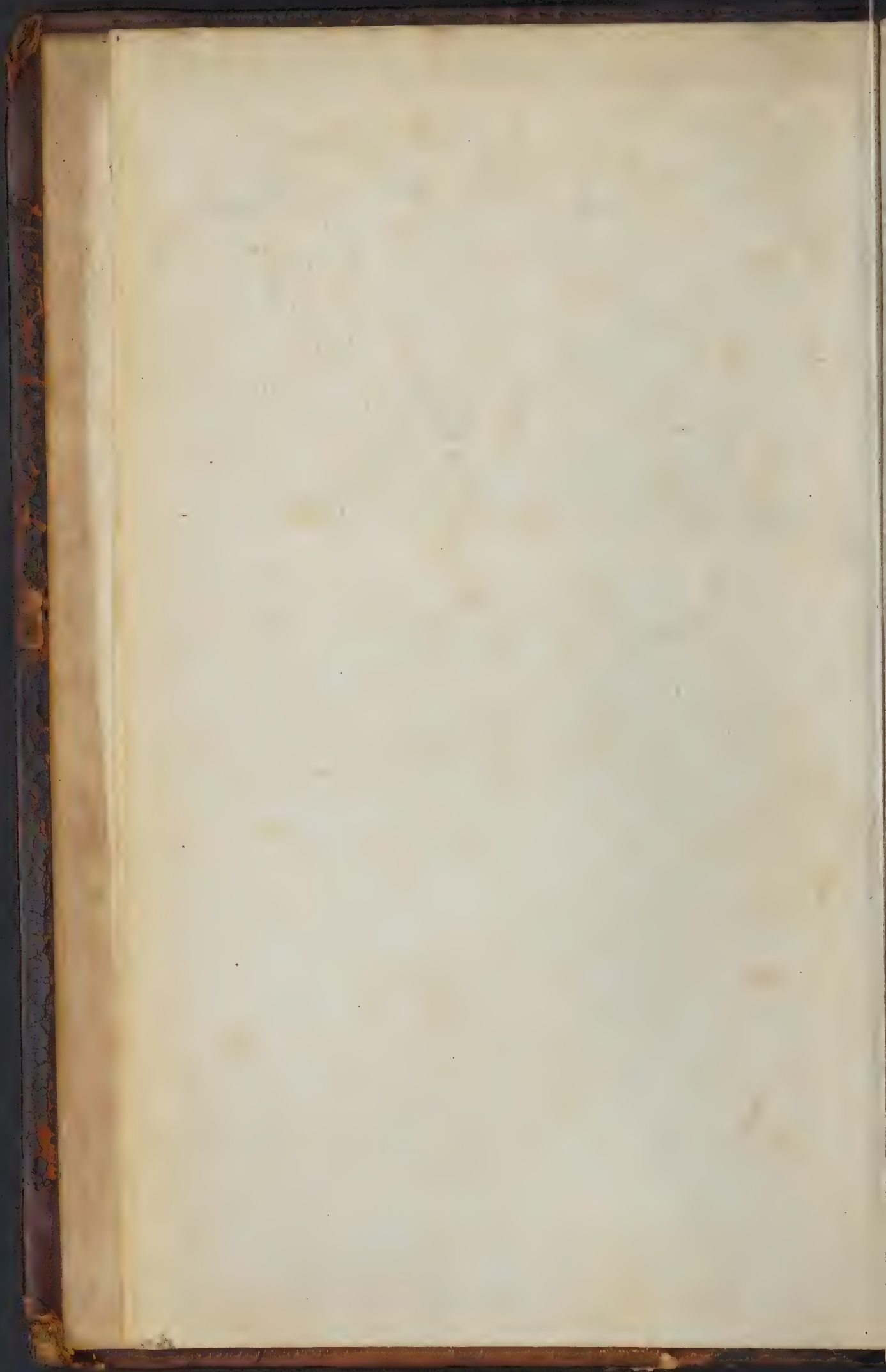
June 16

My dear Fred

It will be a
great pleasure to meet
you and your friends
at dinner on Friday.
I dare say you have
made all your arrangements
for them; but if there
are any spaces of days

whilst they are here that
I could fill for them, I
should be delighted to
be allowed to do so.

Yours sincerely
Walter Headlam

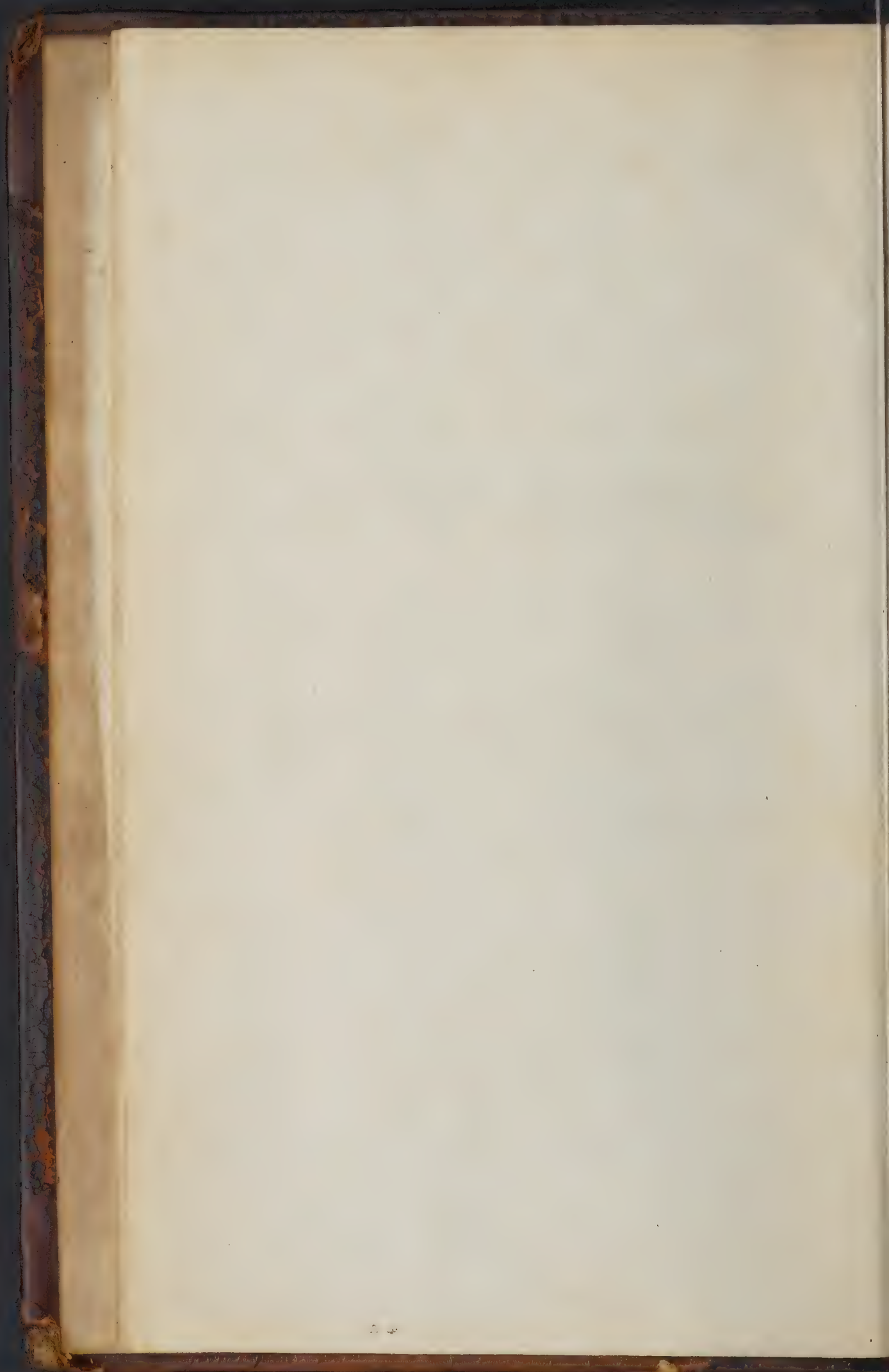


P O E M S,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



P O E M S,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

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THE THIRD EDITION;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A N A P P E N D I X,

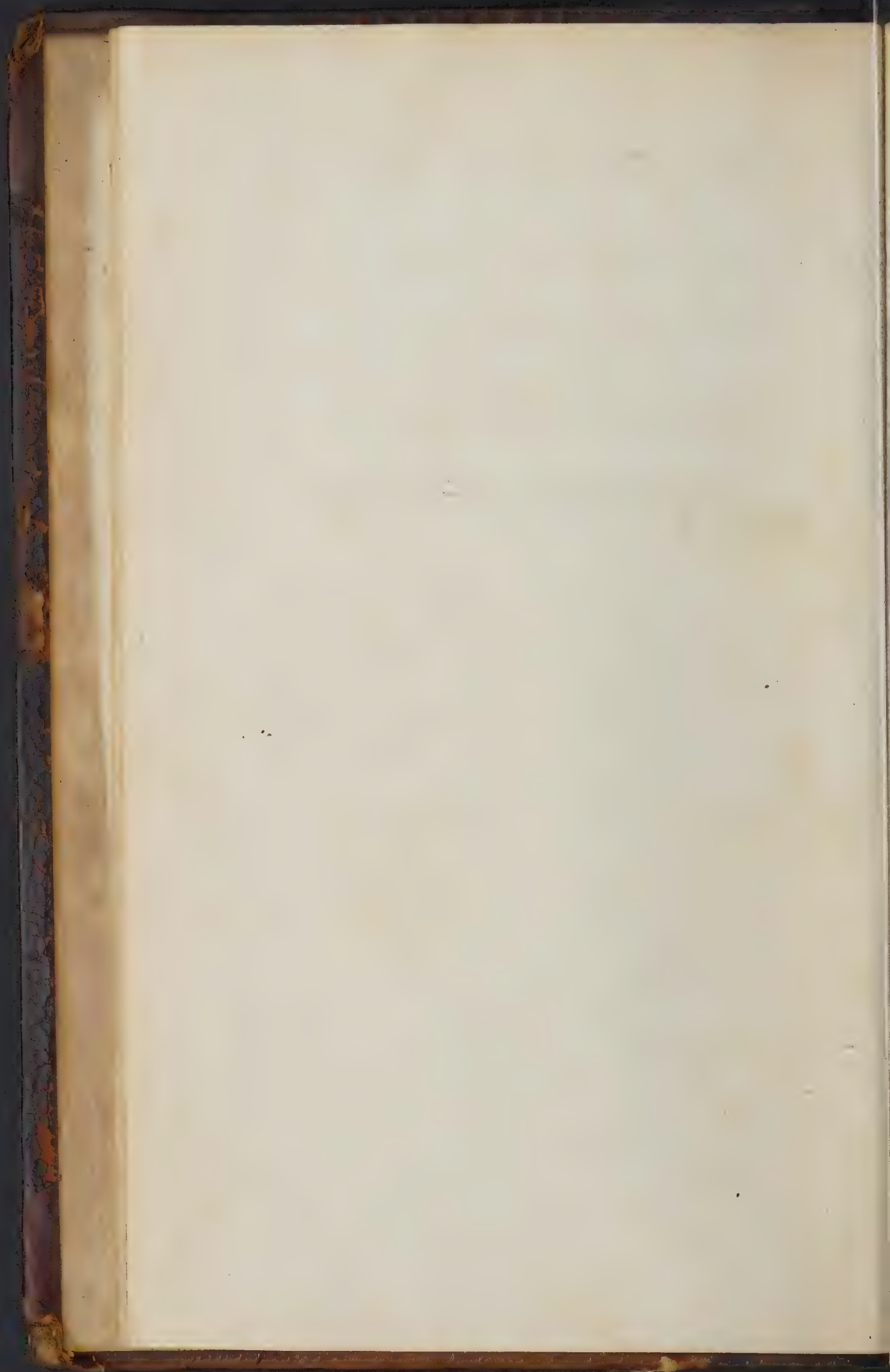
CONTAINING SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE
LANGUAGE OF THESE POEMS;

TENDING TO PROVE,
THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY ANY ANCIENT
AUTHOR,
BUT ENTIRELY BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. PAYNE and SON,
at the MEWS-GATE.

MDCC LXXVIII.



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P R E F A C E.

THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

b

This

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this : “ The first discovery of certain MSS having been deposited in Redclift church, above three centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and was owing to a publication in *Farley’s Weekly Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, as it was said, from a very antient MS. This excited the curiosity of some persons to enquire after the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, or of the person who brought the copy; but after much enquiry it was discovered, that

“ that the person who brought the copy
“ was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of
“ age, whose name was Thomas Chatterton,
“ and whose family had been sextons of
“ Redclift church for near 150 years. His
“ father, who was now dead, had also been
“ master of the free-school in Pile-street.
“ The young man was at first very unwilling
“ to discover from whence he had the ori-
“ ginal; but, after many promises made to
“ him, he was at last prevailed on to ac-
“ knowledge, that he had received this, *toge-*
“ *ther with many other MSS,* from his father,
“ who had found them in a large chest in
“ an upper room over the chapel on the
“ north side of Redclift-church.”

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his
acquaintance with young Chatterton*, and,
partly

* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with
that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be
too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short
life.

partly as presents partly as purchases, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in

life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and educated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS, "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk,*" concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "*ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem,*" in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry,* with drawings of *Saxon achievements, &c.* p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, *written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY, a secular priest,* p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion.

In

in prose and verse. Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett,

In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the booksellers of this great city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, &c. &c. they rate literary-lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the
b 3 question.

Barrett, an eminent surgeon at Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some

question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it.”

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

of

of a considerable length, written upon vellum *, which he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August follow-

* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288. Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS. ; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

ing ; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions ; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness

nuinenefs ſhould ſerve to authenticate the reſt of the collection, of which no copies, older than thoſe made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments ſhall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of neceſſity follow, that the matter of them was alſo forged by him, and ſtill leſs, that all the other compositions, which he profeſſed to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either caſe, the deciſion muſt finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor ſhould give an opinion upon this important queſtion ; but he rather chooſes, for many reaſons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been deſirous
that

that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT
OF THE
SEVERAL PIECES
CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.	p. 1
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.	6
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.	12

These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page. “ *Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*”

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of “ *Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*” which see below, p. 173.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.	p. 19
--------------------	-------

This Poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, “ *Elinoure*
and

and fuga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley a secular priest." And it has the following subscription; "D. B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between hooks] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22 and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE.

P. 23

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

Ibid.

LYDGATE'S ANSWER.

26

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below *.

THE

• *Verses to Lydgate.*

- In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee*

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte*.

Songe

THE TOURNAMENT. p. 28

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Songe to Ælla.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe to Ælle*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lorde of the castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brastynge*, r. *burstynge*.

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlic*.

23. for *dysmall*, r. *honore*.

Lydgate's answer.

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varfes*, r. *pene*.

antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*.

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thyng*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate* — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. — Chat. *fyghte*.

Songe to Ælla.

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. — Chat. *Dacya's*.

Orig. *whose lackes* — Chat. *whose hayres*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. — Chat. *bronded*.

22. Orig. *kennst*. — Chat. *hearst*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dysmall*.

26. Orig. *Yprauncynge* — Chat. *Ifrayning*.

30. Orig. *gloue*. — Chat. *glare*.

Sir

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *oure Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 44

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. says only; "*Item the same yere (1 Edw. IV.) was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid att Bristow.*" But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of

Thomas

Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex William Hastyngs of Hastyngs Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treefons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers trefons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c." If the commission sate soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast into the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster-window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article,

cle, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

“ Item *for washyng the church payven ageyns* } iiij d. ob.
Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.

ÆLLA, a tragycal enterlude.

p. 65

This Poem, with the *Epistle*, *Letter*, and *Entroductionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, “ Chatterton’s transcript. 1769.” The whole transcript is of Chatterton’s hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie.

p. 173

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. xv. in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.

p. 196

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE.

p. 203

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed :

“ To

“ To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Verfication, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.

D. B.”

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N^o 2. 238

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing; the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked N^o 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; “ *Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*” Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another,

the copy of an original by Rowley : and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N^o 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title; “ *Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.*” The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett’s repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. p. 275
ON THE SAME. 276

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton’s hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, “ *A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie.*” See the Preface, p. xi. n. *.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 277

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 278

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum-fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.

The

The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may see several particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerset'. Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Tanner's Not. Monast.* Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY.—*Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his List of Mayors, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolythe* by Bishop Carpenter on

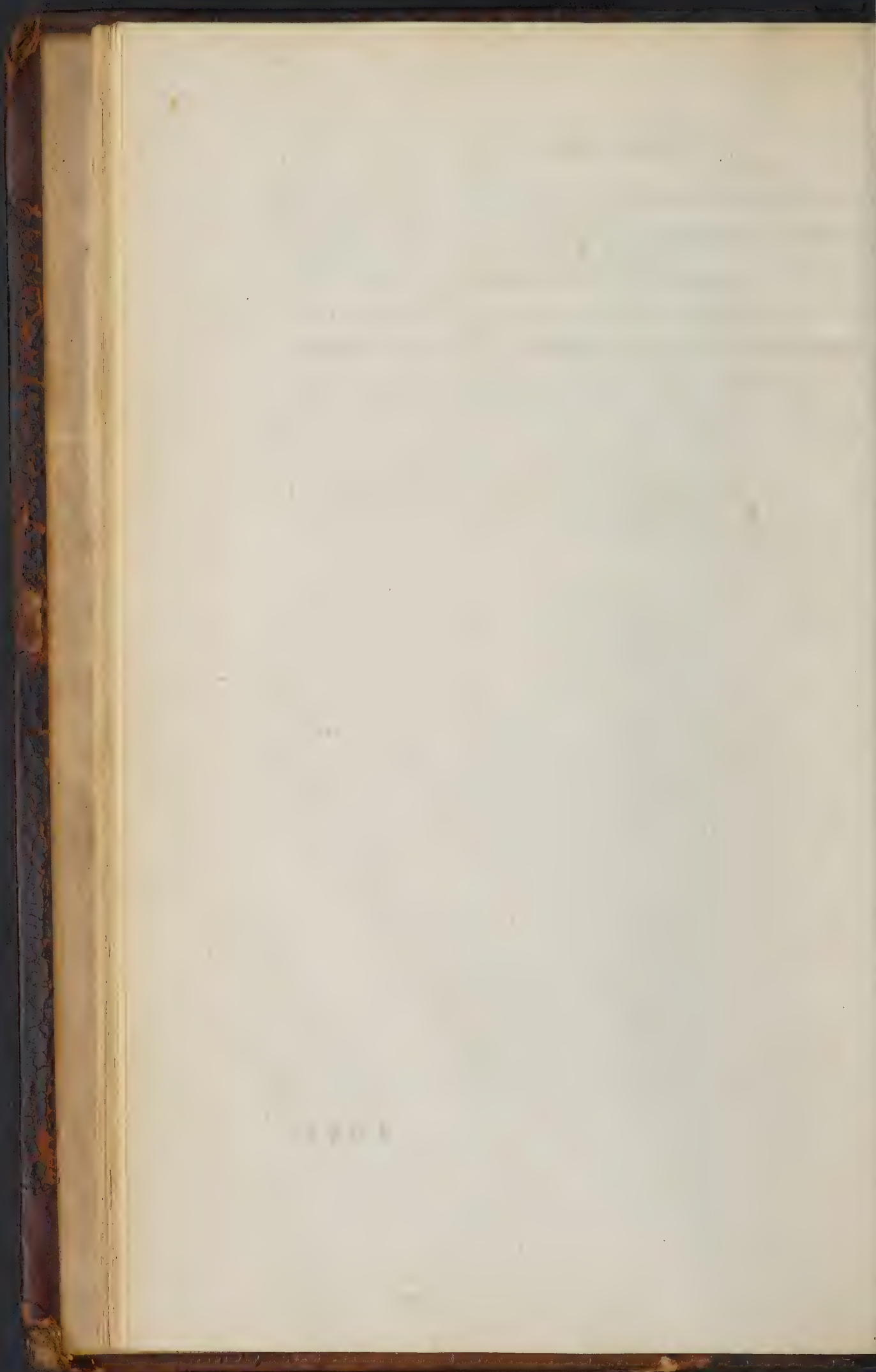
19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Sub-deacon*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 286
 ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. Ibid.
 THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same. 287
 THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 288

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of *Rowley* is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Ifcamm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 66. and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 174.; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the "*Discorse of Bristowe*." Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an antient family seated at *Wraxhall*, within a few miles of Bristol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.]. He has also appeared

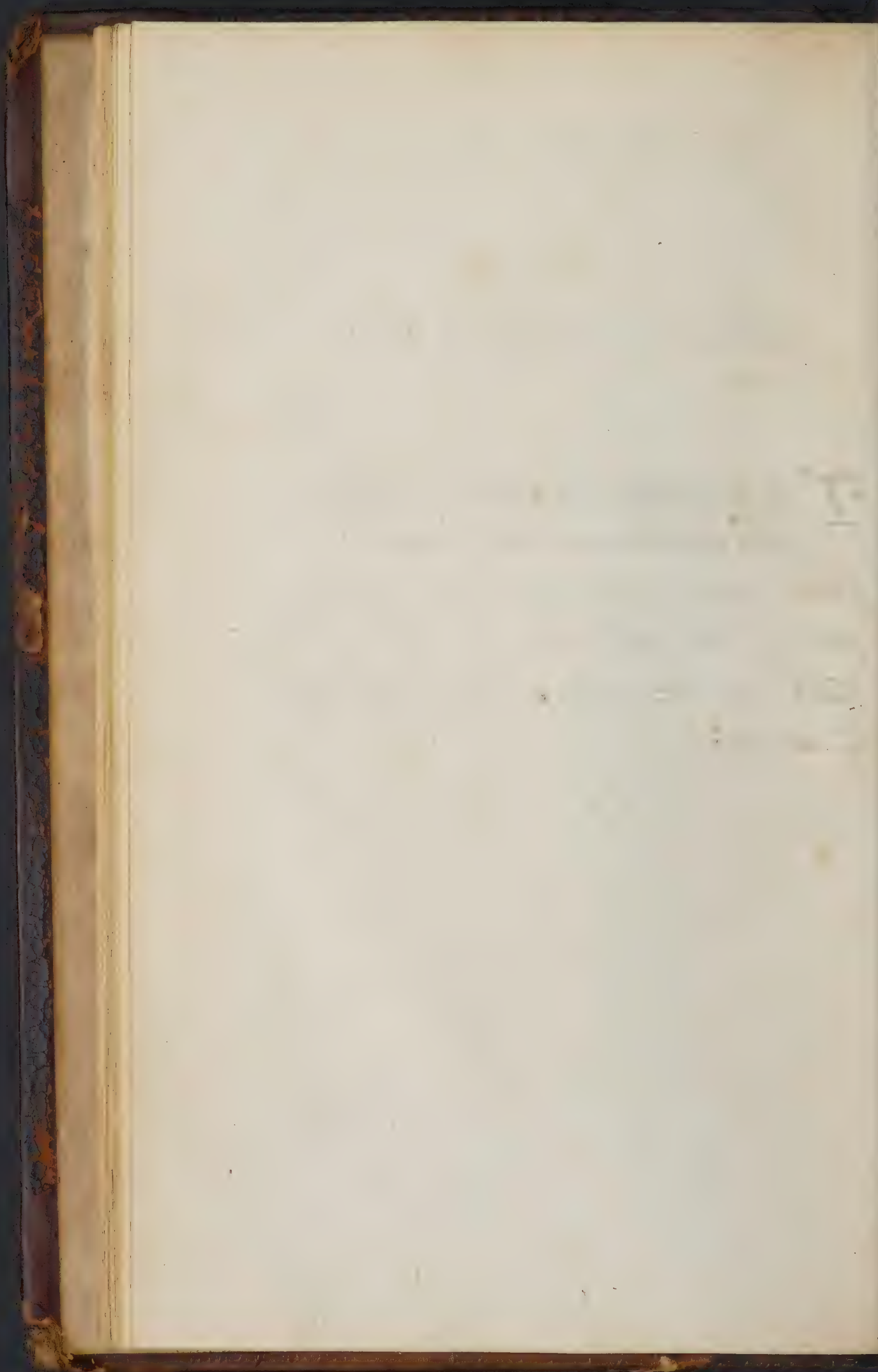
above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songs* in *Ælla*, p. 91. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £.500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, “*certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt.*” which had been pawned to him for £.160.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is desired to observe,
that the notes at the bottom of the
several pages, throughout the following
part of this book, are all copied from
MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas
Chatterton.

POEMS,



P O E M S, &c.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge ¹ from her
lethal ² wounde,

From her galled necke dyd twytte ³ the chayne
awaie,

Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)

Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote ⁴ graie, 5

Twayne lonelie shepsterres ⁵ dyd abrodden ⁶ flie,
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie ⁷,)

And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie ;

Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boesom stroke,

Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke. 10

¹ *Smething*, smoking; in some copies *bletheynge*, but in the or'al as above. ² deadly. ³ pluck or pull. ⁴ *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other drefs. ⁵ shepherds. ⁶ abruptly, so Chaucer, Syke he abredde dyd attourne. ⁷ affright.

R O B E R T E.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
 Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,
 Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
 Ne wylle oure pace sweeste as oure danger goe.
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped ⁸ moe, 15
 The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
 I haveth lyff, bött have escaped foe,
 That lyff ytsel mie Senses doe affraie.
 Oh Raufe, comme lyfte, and hear mie dernie ⁹ tale,
 Comme heare the balefull ¹⁰ dome of Robynne of the
 Dale. 20

R A U F E.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
 O! I've a tale that Sabalus ¹¹ mote ¹² telle.
 Swote ¹³ flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes
 dygne ¹⁴;
 Gravots ¹⁵ far-kend ¹⁶ arounde the Errmiets ¹⁷ cell;

⁸ Added. ⁹ sad. ¹⁰ woeful, lamentable. ¹¹ the Devil. ¹² might.
¹³ sweet. ¹⁴ good, neat, genteel. ¹⁵ groves, sometimes used for a
 coppice. ¹⁶ far-seen. ¹⁷ Hermit.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 3

The fwote ribible ¹⁸ dynning ¹⁹ yn the dell; 25
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie ²⁰ courte;
 Eke ²¹ the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte ²²:
 Impestering ²³ trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde ²⁴ the aye ²⁵ encreasynge
 dome. 30

R O B E R T E.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees ²⁶,
 Mie spreedyng flockes of shepe of lillie white,
 Mie tendre applynges ²⁷, and embodyde ²⁸ trees,
 Mie Parker's Grange ²⁹, far spreedyng to the fyghte,
 Mie cuyen ³⁰ kyne ³¹, mie bullockes stringe ³² yn
 fyghte, 35
 Mie gorne ³³ emblaunched ³⁴ with the comfreie ³⁵
 plante,
 Mie floure ³⁶ Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte,
 Mie store of all the blessinges Heaven can grant.

¹⁸ violin. ¹⁹ founding. ²⁰ inn, or public-house. ²¹ also. ²² pleasure. ²³ annoying. ²⁴ to keep off. ²⁵ ever, always. ²⁶ meadows.
²⁷ grafted trees. ²⁸ thick, stout. ²⁹ liberty of pasture given to the Parker. ³⁰ tender. ³¹ cows. ³² strong. ³³ garden. ³⁴ whitened.
³⁵ cumfrey, a favourite dish at that time. ³⁶ marygold.

4 ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

I amme dureffed ³⁷ unto sorrowes blowe,
 Ihanten'd ³⁸ to the peyne, will lette ne falte teare flowe. 40

R A U F E.

Here I wille obaie ³⁹ untill Dethe doe 'pere,
 Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel ⁴⁰ tree,
 Whyche fleaeth ⁴¹ everichone that commeth nere,
 Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre ⁴².
 I to bement ⁴³ haveth moe cause than thee; 45
 Sleene in the warre mie boolie ⁴⁴ fadre lies;
 Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would flea,
 And bie hys fyde for aie enclose myne eies.
 Calked ⁴⁵ from everych joie, heere wyll I blede;
 Fell ys the Cullys-yatte ⁴⁶ of mie hartes castlle stede. 50

R O B E R T E.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome ⁴⁷ shal bee.
 Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn ⁴⁸, ystorven ⁴⁹ ys;

³⁷ hardened. ³⁸ accustomed. ³⁹ abide. This line is also wrote,
 "Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere" but this is modernized.
⁴⁰ deadly. ⁴¹ destroyeth, killeth. ⁴² grow. ⁴³ lament. ⁴⁴ much-
 loved, beloved. ⁴⁵ cast out, ejected. ⁴⁶ alluding to the portcullis,
 which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castle. ⁴⁷ fate.
⁴⁸ my only son. ⁴⁹ dead.

Here

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

5

Here wyllé I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;

A lyff lyché myn a borden ys ywis.

Now from een logges ⁵⁰ fledden is selynefs ⁵¹, 55

Mynsterres ⁵² alleyn ⁵³ can boaste the hallie ⁵⁴ Seyncte,

Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse

And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte;

Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode ⁵⁵,

And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with
bloude.

⁵⁰ cottages. ⁵¹ happinefs. ⁵² monasterys. ⁵³ only. ⁵⁴ holy.

⁵⁵ complexion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

SPRYTES¹ of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce² onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
 Uponne the brede³ sea doe the banners gleme⁴;
 The amenused⁵ nationnes be aston⁶, 5
 To ken⁷ fyke⁸ large a flete, fyke fyne, fyke breme⁹.
 The barkis heafods¹⁰ coupe¹¹ the lymed¹² streame;
 Oundes¹³ synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake¹⁴
 riese;
 The water slughornes¹⁵ wythe a swotye¹⁶ cleme¹⁷
 Conteke¹⁸ the dynnynge¹⁹ ayre, and reche the skies.¹⁰
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones²⁰ astedde²¹,
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

¹ Spirits, souls. ² pleasure. ³ broad. ⁴ shine, glimmer. ⁵ diminished, lessened. ⁶ astonished, confounded. ⁷ see, discover, know.
⁸ such, so. ⁹ strong. ¹⁰ heads. ¹¹ cut. ¹² glassy, reflecting.
¹³ waves, billows. ¹⁴ oak. ¹⁵ a musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy. ¹⁶ sweet. ¹⁷ sound. ¹⁸ confuse, contend with. ¹⁹ sounding.
²⁰ thrones. ²¹ seated.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 7

The gule ²² depeyncted ²³ oares from the black tyde,
 Decorn ²⁴ wyth fonnes ²⁵ rare, doe themrynge ²⁶ ryse;
 Upfwalyng ²⁷ doe heie ²⁸ shewe ynne drierie pryde, 15
 Lyche gore-red estells ²⁹ in the eve ³⁰-merk ³¹ skyes;
 The nome-depeyncted ³² shields, the speres aryse,
 Alyche ³³ talle roshes on the water fyde;
 Alenge ³⁴ from bark to bark the bryghte sheene ³⁵
 flyes;

Sweft-kerv'd ³⁶ delyghtes doe on the water glyde. 20
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
 That Englonde's brondeous ³⁷ fonnes do cotte the waie.
 Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth ³⁸ here and there, 25
 Onknowlachynge ³⁹ inne whatte place to obaie ⁴⁰.
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
 The mitte ⁴¹ crosse Jerusafim ys seene;

²² red. ²³ painted. ²⁴ carved. ²⁵ devices. ²⁶ glimmering.
²⁷ rising high, swelling up. ²⁸ they. ²⁹ a corruption of *estoile*, Fr. a
 star. ³⁰ evening. ³¹ dark. ³² rebus'd shields; a herald term, when
 the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. ³³ like.
³⁴ along. ³⁵ shine. ³⁶ short-lived. ³⁷ furious. ³⁸ runneth. ³⁹ not
 knowing. ⁴⁰ abide. ⁴¹ mighty.

8 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Dhereof the fyghte yer corrage doe affraie ⁴²,
 In balefull ⁴³ dole their faces be ywreene ⁴⁴. 30
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers ⁴⁵ and cottes ⁴⁵, foe swyfte yn fyghte,
 Upon the sydes of everich bark appere ;
 Foorth to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35
 Eftsoones ⁴⁶ hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
 The jynynge shielde do shemre and moke glare ⁴⁷ ;
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted ⁴⁸ dynne ;
 The reynyng ⁴⁹ foemen ⁵⁰, thynckeynge gif ⁵¹ to dare,
 Boun ⁵² the merk ⁵³ fwerde, theie seche to fraie ⁵⁴,
 theie blyn ⁵⁵. 40

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte ;
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel ⁵⁶ of warre,

⁴² affright. ⁴³ woeful. ⁴⁴ covered. ⁴⁵ different kinds of boats.
⁴⁶ full soon, presently. ⁴⁷ glitter. ⁴⁸ united, assembled. ⁴⁹ running.
⁵⁰ foes. ⁵¹ if. ⁵² make ready. ⁵³ dark. ⁵⁴ engage. ⁵⁵ cease, stand
 still. ⁵⁶ a young lion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 9

Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie ⁵⁷ gronfers ⁵⁸,
dyghte ⁵⁹, 45

Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.

Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre

Amenge the drybblett ⁶⁰ ons to sheene fulle bryghte;

Syke funnys wayne ⁶¹ wyth amayl'd beames doe barr

The blaunchie ⁶³ mone or estells ⁶⁴ to gev lyghte. 50

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,

Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte ⁶⁵ affraie ⁶⁶, wythe lockes of blodde-red
die,

Terroure, emburled ⁶⁷ yn the thonders rage,

Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugosome ⁶⁸ flie, 55

Enchafynge ⁶⁹ echone champyonne war to wage.

Speeres bevyle ⁷⁰ speres; fwerdes upon fwerdes en-
gage;

Armoure on armoure dynn ⁷¹, shielde upon shielde;

⁵⁷ flaming. ⁵⁸ a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. ⁵⁹ deckt. ⁶⁰ small, insignificant. ⁶¹ carr. ⁶² enameled. ⁶³ white, silver. ⁶⁴ stars. ⁶⁵ distracting. ⁶⁶ affright. ⁶⁷ armed. ⁶⁸ terribly. ⁶⁹ encouraging, heating. ⁷⁰ break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. ⁷¹ founds.

10 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Ne dethe of thofandes can the warre affuage,
 Botte falleynge numbers fable ⁷² all the feelde. 60
 Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte youre pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the croſs reles ⁷³ hye;
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys ſeen;
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, 65
 And beereth meynthe ⁷⁴ of Turkes onto the greene;
 Bie hymm the floure of Afies menn ys ſleene ⁷⁵;
 The waylynge ⁷⁶ mone doth fade before hys ſonne;
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene ⁷⁷,
 Doeynge ſyke marvels ⁷⁸, ſtrangers be aſton ⁷⁹. 70
 Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
 Poure owte your pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde maſter is;
 The Englonde bannerr kiſſeth the hie ayre;
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys ⁸⁰, 75
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre ⁸¹;

⁷² blacken. ⁷³ waves. ⁷⁴ many, great numbers. ⁷⁵ ſlain.
⁷⁶ decreaſing. ⁷⁷ glorious, worthy. ⁷⁸ wonders. ⁷⁹ aſtoniſhed.
⁸⁰ certainly. ⁸¹ brow.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 11

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
 Twyghte ⁸² into lovyng armes, and feasted eft ⁸³;
 In everych eyne aredyng nete of wyere ⁸⁴,
 Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte 80
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
 Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel fed, whan from the bluie sea
 The upswol ⁸⁵ fayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
 Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee, 85
 And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
 Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
 Bethyncke untoe hemselfes how mote the meetynge
 proove.

⁸² plucked, pulled. ⁸³ often. ⁸⁴ grief, trouble. ⁸⁵ swollen.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better
parte?

Goe, ferche the logges¹ and bordels² of the hynde³;

Gyff⁴ theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,

Inne hem⁵ you see the blakied⁶ forme of kynde⁷.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge⁸ of a mynde? 5

Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote⁹ bee?

Woulde ytte here phraze of the vulgar from the
hynde,

Withoute wiseegger¹⁰ wordes and knowlache¹¹ free?

Gyf foe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge¹²
pende;

Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende. 10

¹ lodges, huts. ² cottages. ³ servant, slave, peasant. ⁴ if.
⁵ a contraction of *them*. ⁶ naked, original. ⁷ nature. ⁸ liking.
⁹ might. The sense of this line is, Would you see every thing in its
primæval state. ¹⁰ wise-egger, a philosopher. ¹¹ knowledge
¹² sporting.

MANNE.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 13

M A N N E.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waie?

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wylle not bee affeled ¹³ naie.

W O M A N N E.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15

To hele ¹⁴ hem at makeynge of haie.

M A N N E.

Syr Roggerre, the parfone, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,

We'lle wurke ¹⁵ and we'lle fynge, and wylle drenche ¹⁶

of ftronge beer

As longe as the merrie fommers daie. 20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

¹³ answered. ¹⁴ aid, or help. ¹⁵ work. ¹⁶ drink.

14 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynnē the Chyrche

With birlette ¹⁷ golde,

Wythe gelten ¹⁸ aumeres ¹⁹ stronge ontolde,

25

What was shee moe than me, to be foe?

M A N N E.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar

Tryppynge over the lea;

Ich ask whie the lovers ²⁰ fon

Is moe than mee.

30

S Y R R O G E R R E.

The sweltrie ²¹ sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne ²²,

From everich beme a seme ²³ of lyfe doe falle;

Swythyn ²⁴ scille ²⁵ oppe the haie uponne the playne;

Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre ²⁶ talle.

Thys ys alyche oure doome ²⁷; the great, the smalle, 35

Moste withe ²⁸ and bee forwyned ²⁹ by deathis darte.

See! the fwote ³⁰ flourette ³¹ hathe noe fwote at alle;

Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle ³² parte.

¹⁷ a hood, or covering for the back part of the head. ¹⁸ gilded.
¹⁹ borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either
metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces. ²⁰ lord.
²¹ sultry. ²² car. ²³ feed. ²⁴ quickly, presently. ²⁵ gather.
²⁶ grow. ²⁷ fate. ²⁸ a contraction of wither. ²⁹ dried. ³⁰ sweet.
³¹ flower. ³² equal.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 15

The cravent³³, warrioure, and the wyfe be blente³⁴,
Alyche to drie awaie wythe thofe theie dyd bement³⁵.40

M A N N E.

All-a-boon³⁶, Syr Priest, all-a-boon,
Bye yer preestfchype nowe saye unto mee ;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie shoulde hee than mee
Bee more greate, 45
Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and eftate ?

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Attourne³⁷ thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie³⁸ loke arounde the chaper³⁹ delle⁴⁰;
An answere to thie barganette⁴¹ here see,
Thys welked⁴² flourette wyll a lefon telle : 50
Arist⁴³ it blew⁴⁴, itte florished, and dyd welle,
Lokeynge ascaunce⁴⁵ upon the naighboure greene ;
Yet with the deigned⁴⁶ greene yttes rennome⁴⁷ felle,
Eftsoones⁴⁸ ytte shronke upon the daie-brente⁴⁹ playne,

³³ coward. ³⁴ ceafed, dead, no more. ³⁵ lament. ³⁶ a manner of asking a favour. ³⁷ turn. ³⁸ carefully, with circumfpection. ³⁹ dry, fun-burnt. ⁴⁰ valley. ⁴¹ a fong, or ballad. ⁴² withered. ⁴³ arifen, or arofe. ⁴⁴ bloffomed. ⁴⁵ difdainfully. ⁴⁶ difdained. ⁴⁷ glory. ⁴⁸ quickly. ⁴⁹ burnt.

16 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde, ⁵⁵
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke ⁵⁹ ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds ⁵¹ ente ⁵²
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea ⁵³;
Gyf thou has ethe ⁵⁴, the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe ⁵⁵, theres none moe haile ⁵⁶ yan
thee. 60

Thou wurchest ⁵⁷; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercled ⁵⁸ of foughlys ⁵⁹ see,
Thou wouldst eftsoones ⁶⁰ see trothe ynne whatte I
saie;

Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne ⁶⁵
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

M A N N E.

I ryse wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne ⁶¹,
And eere mie wurche is don
I synge a songe or twayne ⁶². 70

⁵⁰ such. ⁵¹ lord's. ⁵² a purse or bag. ⁵³ flay. ⁵⁴ ease. ⁵⁵ truth.
⁵⁶ happy. ⁵⁷ workest. ⁵⁸ the hidden or secret part of. ⁵⁹ souls.
⁶⁰ full soon, or presently. ⁶¹ car. ⁶² two.

I followe

ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 17

I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb ⁶³ of ale.

Botte of the maydens, oh!

Itte lacketh notte to telle;

Syre Preeſte mote notte crie woe, 75
Culde hys bull do as welle.

I daunce the beſte heiedeygnes ⁶⁴,
And foile ⁶⁵ the wyfeſt feygnes ⁶⁶.

On everych Seynctes hie daie

Wythe the mynſtrelle ⁶⁷ am I ſeene, 80

All a footeygne it awaie,

Wythe maydens on the greene

But oh! I wyſhe to be moe greate,

In rennome, tenure, and eſtate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne ſeene a tree uponne a hylle, 85

Whoſe unliſte ⁶⁸ braunces ⁶⁹ rechen far toe ſyghte;

Whan fuiſed ⁷⁰ unwers ⁷¹ doe the heaven fylle,

Itte ſhaketh deere ⁷² yn dole ⁷³ and moke affryghte.

⁶³ a bottle. ⁶⁴ a country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North.

⁶⁵ baſſe. ⁶⁶ a corruption of *ſeints*. ⁶⁷ a minſtrel is a muſician.

⁶⁸ unbounded. ⁶⁹ branches. ⁷⁰ furious. ⁷¹ tempeſts, ſtorms.

⁷² dire. ⁷³ diſmay.

C

Whyleſt

Whyleft the congeon ⁷⁴ flowrette abeffie ⁷⁵ dyghte ⁷⁶,
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced ⁷⁷ bie the ftorme : 90
Syke is a picte ⁷⁸ of lyffe : the manne of myghte
Is tempeft-chaft ⁷⁹, hys woe greate as hys forme,
Thiefelfe a flowrette of a fmall accounte,
Wouldft harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydft
munte.

⁷⁴ dwarf. ⁷⁵ humility. ⁷⁶ decked. ⁷⁷ unhurt. ⁷⁸ picture.
⁷⁹ tempeft-beaten.

ELINOURE

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne ¹ bank twa pynynge May-
dens fate,

Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere ;

Echone bementynge ² for her absente mate,

Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge ³
speare.

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5

Dydde speke acroole ⁴, wythe languishment of eyne,

Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed ⁵ the quyvryng
brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga ! heare mie dernie ⁶ plainte,

To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte ⁷ in stele ;

O maie ne fanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10

Maie good Senecte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte
wele.

Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele ;

¹ Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York. ² lamenting. ³ murdering. ⁴ faintly. ⁵ glistened.

⁶ sad complaint. ⁷ arrayed, or cased.

See! see! upon the ground he bleedyng lies;
 Inhild⁸ some joice⁹ of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

J U G A.

Syfters in sorrowe, on thys daife-ey'd banke, 15
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
 Lyche levynde¹⁰ okes in eche the odher bente,
 Or lyche forlettenn¹¹ halles of merriemente,
 Whose gafflie mitches¹² holde the traine of fryghte¹³, 20
 Where lethale¹⁴ ravens bark, and owlets wake the
 nyghte.

[E L I N O U R E.]

No moe the miskynette¹⁵ shall wake the morne,
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
 Shall from the leffel¹⁶ rouze the foxe awaie; 25
 I'll feke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;

⁸ infuse. ⁹ juice. ¹⁰ blasted. ¹¹ forsaken. ¹² ruins.
¹³ fear. ¹⁴ deadly or deathboding. ¹⁵ a small bagpipe.
¹⁶ in a confined sense, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest.

ELINOURE AND JUGA. 21

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche ¹⁷ glebe wyll
goe,
And to the passante Spryghtes lecture ¹⁸ mie tale of woe.

[J U G A.]

Whan mokie ¹⁹ cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden ²⁰ Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte; 30
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of Selynefs ²¹, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a
spryte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn
thoughte. 45

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!
Thou limed ²² ryver, on thie linche ²³ maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wyll wythe thie waterres
flowe,
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40

¹⁷ church-yard. ¹⁸ relate. ¹⁹ black. ⁴⁰ decreafing. ²¹ happinefs.

²² glaffy. ²³ bank.

To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the
plain.

Soe fayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees²⁴, 45
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were
slayne,
Dистраughte²⁵ theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes
fyde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and
dyde.

²⁴ meeds.²⁵ distracted.

TO JOHNE LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla.*]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, fythe ytt must needes
be foe,

Thatt thou & I a bowtyng matche must have,
Lette ytt ne breakyng of ould friendshippe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne Johne Clarkyng, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee showd finalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF
BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlyng of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastyng to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-redde
hue

Lyche kyng-cuppes braстыnge wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,

Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore ;

Than dyddst thou furieuse stande,

And bie thie valyante hande

Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,

Downe to the depthe of helle

Thoufandes of Dacyanns went ;

Bryftowannes, menne of myghte,

Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,

And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)

Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,

Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,

Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre

The dysmall crye of warre,

Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne ;

Orr seeft the hatchedd ftede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure ftaulke arounde
Embattel'd Bryftowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe arduous onn the Castle fteeres;

Orr fierye round the mynfterr glare;
Lette Bryftowe ftyle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemene & confumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones ftreme enfyrke ytte rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

The

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN
LADGATE, a Poet of London, and sent to
ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding Song
of *Alia*.

HAVYNGE wythe muche amorous melle
What you dydd to mee kinde,
Admire the earles mouche I dydd,
And thus an answer kinde.

Amonge the Greekes Homer was
A Poets mouche renowned,
Amonge the Latyns Virgillius
Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftense hadde
The gyfte of inspiration,
And Affed to the Sexonne menne
Dydd syng wythe elocation.

Yane Norman rymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excellen,
Thenn Some, the Bryghtowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys sheenyng lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs
founde;

The courserrs lyffe¹ about the mensured² felde;

The shemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;

Quayntyffed² fons³ depicte⁴ onn eche sheelde.

The feerie⁵ heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde^{6,5}

Supportes the rampyng lyoncell⁷ orr beare,

Wythe straunge depyctures⁸, Nature maie nott
yeelde,

Unseemelie to all orderr doe appere,

Yett yatte⁹ to menne, who thyncke and have a
spryte¹⁰,

Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte. 10

¹ sport, or play. ² bounded, or measured. ³ curiously devised.

³ fancies or devices. ⁴ painted, or displayed. ⁵ fiery.

⁶ ornamented, enameled. ⁷ a young lion. ⁸ drawings paint-
ings. ⁹ that. ¹⁰ foul.

THE TOURNAMENT. 29

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer ¹² of her joies,
Must swythen ¹² goe to yeve ¹³ the speeres arounde,
Wythe advantayle ¹⁴ & borne ¹⁵ I meynthe ¹⁶ emploie,
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.

Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde; 15
Soe the neshe ¹⁷ flowerr grees ¹⁸ ynne the woodeland
shade.

The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;
Wydoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.

As ynn the bowke ¹⁹ nete ²⁰ alleyn ²¹ cann bee donne,
Syke ²² ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of
onne. 20

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTonne.

Herawde ²³, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.
Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.

The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr songe,
Yett notte a speere of hemm ²⁴ hath grete mie fyghte.

I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. 25

I lacke a Guid ²⁵, a Wyllyamm ²⁶ to entylte.

¹¹ dispenser. ¹² quickly. ¹³ give. ¹⁴ armer. ¹⁵ burnish.
¹⁶ many. ¹⁷ young, weak, tender. ¹⁸ grows. ¹⁹ body. ²⁰ nothing.
²¹ alone. ²² fo. ²³ herald. ²⁴ a contraction of *them*.
²⁵ *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age.
²⁶ William Rufus.

30 THE TOURNAMENT.

To reine ²⁷ anente ²⁸ a fele ²⁹ embodiedd knyghte,
Ytt gettes ne rennome ³⁰ gyff hys blodde bee spylte.
Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;
I lyche nott unthylle ³¹ thus to wielde the speare. 30

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes ³² dynn ³³ fromm
farre.

BOURTONE.

Ah! fwythenn ³⁴ mie shielde & tyltynge launce bee
bounde ³⁵.
Eftsoones ³⁶ beheste ³⁷ mie Squyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[*Goeth oute.*]

HERAWDE.

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte ³⁸ of menne
astounde;
Harde bee yer shappe ³⁹ encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;

²⁷ run. ²⁸ against. ²⁹ feeble. ³⁰ honour, glory. ³¹ useles.
³² a kind of claryon. ³³ found. ³⁴ quickly. ³⁵ ready. ³⁶ soon.
³⁷ command. ³⁸ most. ³⁹ fate, or doom.

Anenst

THE TOURNAMENT. 31

Anenst ⁴⁰ all menne thou bereft to the grounde,
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte ⁴¹.
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
 Syche nothe thie valourous actes drocke ⁴² eche
 knyghte's hue. 40

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RA-
 NULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON,
 SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR
 KNYGHTES, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES, AND
 SERVYTOURS ⁴³.

K Y N G E.

The barganette ⁴³; yee mynstrelles tune the strynge,
 Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde's
 thorne,

The manne whose myghte delievretie ⁴⁴ hadd knite ⁴⁵,

⁴⁰ against ⁴¹ pitched, or bent down. ⁴² drink.
⁴³ servants, attendants. ⁴³ song, or ballad. ⁴⁴ activity. ⁴⁵ .

Snett ⁴⁶ oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde
 aborne ⁴⁷, 45
 Behesteynge ⁴⁸ all hys hommageres ⁴⁵ to fyghte.
 Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted ⁵⁰ denne,
 Lett thie floes ⁵¹ drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott
 menne.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
 Wylyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd ⁵²
 plies ⁵³; 50
 Loude dynns ⁵⁴ the arrowe ynn the wolfyng's eare;
 Hee ryfeth battent ⁵⁵, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
 Forslagenn att thie feete lett wolvyngs bee,
 Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bre-
 drenn flea.

Throwe the merke ⁵⁶ shade of twistynde trees hee
 rydes; 55
 The flemed ⁵⁷ owlett ⁵⁸ flapps herr eve-speckte ⁵⁹ wynges;
 The lordyng ⁶⁰ toade ynn all hys passies bides;
 The berten ⁶¹ neders ⁶² att hymm darte the stynges;

⁴⁶ bent. ⁴⁷ burnished. ⁴⁸ commanding. ⁴⁹ servants. ⁵⁰ hidden.
⁵¹ arrows. ⁵² worked with iron. ⁵³ bends. ⁵⁴ sounds. ⁵⁵ loudly.
⁵⁶ dark, or gloome. ⁵⁷ & ⁵⁸ frightened owl. ⁵⁹ marked with evening dew.
⁶⁰ standing on their hind legs. ⁶¹ venomous. ⁶² adders.

Styll, styll, hee passēs onn, hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe
bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie ⁶³ countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn ⁶⁴ doth rayse hymselfe dis-
traughte ⁶⁵,

He loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.

Goe, sticke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne, 65
Lette thie flos ⁶⁶ drenche the blood of anie thyng
botte menn.

Wythe passent ⁶⁷ steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlynge ⁶⁸ thonderr
stronge;

The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorthe sendes. 70
Goe, flea the lyonn ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle ⁶⁹ drie fromm blodde of odherr
menne.

Sweste fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
The couraciers ⁷⁰ as sweste doe afterr flie.

⁶³ hot, sultry. ⁶⁴ sound, noise. ⁶⁵ distracted. ⁶⁶ arrows.
⁶⁷ walking leifurely. ⁶⁸ rolling. ⁶⁹ arrow. ⁷⁰ horse courfers.

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie, 75
 Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones ⁷¹ doth die.
 Forflagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
 Lett thie flos drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn
 flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee fleynges hys bowe
 alyne ⁷².
 The stagge ys ouch'd ⁷³ wythe crownes of lillie
 flowerrs. 80
 Aronde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe en-
 twyne ;
 Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
 Forflagenn wyth thie flos lette wylde beastes bee,
 Feeste thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn
 flee.

K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie ⁷⁴; who wylle fyrste
 affraie ⁷⁵? 85

⁷¹ full soon. ⁷² across his shoulders. ⁷³ garlands of flowers being
 put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a
 chain, worn by earls round their necks. ⁷⁴ Tournament. ⁷⁵ fight, or
 encounter.

H E.

THE TOURNAMENT. 35

HERAULDE.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte ⁷⁶ honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake ⁷⁷ thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette ⁷⁸ onn mie gaberdyne ⁷⁹.

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull ⁸⁰ challenge, knyghtes & champyonns
dygne ⁸¹,

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne founde. 90

[Syrr Symonne *and* Neville *tylte*.

Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Nevylle *falls*.

Loverdes, how doughtilie ⁸² the tylterrs joyne!

⁷⁶ that. ⁷⁷ dispute. ⁷⁸ glove. ⁷⁹ a piece of armour. ⁸⁰ lawful.
⁸¹ worthy. ⁸² furiously.

Yee championnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne
fyghtes,
Onne hee hathe quacedd ⁸³, affayle ⁸⁴ hymm, yee
knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente ⁸⁵ hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde; ⁹⁵
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle ⁸⁶ scethe ⁸⁷
Before I doe departe the liffedd ⁸⁸ fiede,
Miefelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe ⁸⁹.
Mie shielde.

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe ⁹⁰.
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie
foe. 100

[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe
fmethe ⁹¹;

I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe ⁹².

⁸³ vanquished.

⁸⁴ oppose.

⁸⁵ against.

⁸⁶ much.

⁸⁷ damage, mischief.

⁸⁸ bounded.

⁸⁹ bleed.

⁹⁰ easy.

⁹¹ smoke.

⁹² hurt, or damage.

THE TOURNAMENT.

37

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd
sheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede.¹⁰⁵
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.
Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede⁹³;
Somme odherr I wyllle champyonn toe affraie⁹⁴;
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possese the daie,
'Thenn I schalle bee a foemanne forr thie spere. 120
Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys saie,
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende⁹⁵; I doe thee fie⁹⁶.
Lyche forreying⁹⁷ levynn⁹⁸, schalle mie tylte-launce
fie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallethe*.

⁹³ reward. ⁹⁴ fight or engage. ⁹⁵ attend or wait. ⁹⁶ defy.
⁹⁷ & ⁹⁸ destroying lightening.

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure⁹⁹ thie beeveredd¹⁰⁰
eyne. 115

I have borne downe, and este¹⁰¹ doe gauntlette thee.

Swythenne¹⁰² begynne, and wrynn¹⁰³ thie shappe¹⁰⁴
orr myne;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tylteth*. Berghamme *falls*.

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,

And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120

Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tylle hee doth see

A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous¹⁰⁵
heie¹⁰⁶,

Ytt welle beseies¹⁰⁷ to yeve¹⁰⁸ hemm ryghte of
fraie¹⁰⁹.

⁹⁹ turn. ¹⁰⁰ beaver'd. ¹⁰¹ again. ¹⁰² quickly. ¹⁰³ declare.
¹⁰⁴ fate. ¹⁰⁵ worthy. ¹⁰⁶ they. ¹⁰⁷ becomes. ¹⁰⁸ give. ¹⁰⁹ fyght.

FIRST KNYGHT E.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme ¹²⁵
 The rennome ¹¹⁰ ynn thys Tourneie ¹¹¹ forr to tylte;
 Dherbie to proove fromm cravents ¹¹² owre goode
 name,
 Bewrynnynge ¹¹³ thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,
 Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie? ¹³⁰
*[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte,
 and bee everichone ¹¹⁴ overthrowne.]*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the felde
 Ycrafedd ¹¹⁵ speres and helmetts bee besprente ¹¹⁶,
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd ¹¹⁷
 sheeld,
 Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee
 stente ¹¹⁸,

¹¹⁰ honour. ¹¹¹ Tournament. ¹¹² cowards. ¹¹³ declaring.
¹¹⁴ every one. ¹¹⁵ broken, spilt. ¹¹⁶ scatter'd.
¹¹⁷ broken, or pierced through with darts. ¹¹⁸ stained..

Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente. 135

Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.

Albeyttee hee wythe lowes ¹¹⁹ of fyre ybrente ¹²⁰,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val ¹²¹ advance.

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe ¹²² hys speere,

Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall
fall

Anethe ¹²³ the stronge push of mie straught ¹²⁴ out
speere,

There schalle aryse a hallie ¹²⁵ chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle, 145

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie ¹²⁶ wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune ¹²⁷; I champyonn ¹²⁸ you to
warre.

Sounde, founde the flughornes, to bee hearde fromm
farre. 150

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.

¹¹⁹ flames. ¹²⁰ burnt. ¹²¹ healm. ¹²² beneath. ¹²³ against.
¹²⁴ stretched out. ¹²⁵ holy. ¹²⁶ faithfully. ¹²⁷ ready. ¹²⁸ challenge.

THE TOURNAMENT. 41

K Y N G E.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kynge.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente ;

Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of achments ¹²⁹
fynges ;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-
sprente ¹³⁰ ;

To Kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente. 155

Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte ;

Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the fwerde hee
shente ¹³¹ ;

Hee joustedd, alleine ¹³² havynge you ynn thoughte.

Comme, mynstrelles, found the strynge, goe onn eche
fyde,

Whylest hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe ryde. 160

¹²⁹ atchievements, glorious actions.

¹³⁰ broken spears.

¹³¹ broke, destroyed. ¹³² only, alone.

M Y N-

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Whann Battayle, smethynge ¹³³ wythe new quickenn'd
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge
hedde,

Dydd the merke ¹³⁴ woode of ethe ¹³⁵ and rest explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 165

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglentine,

Fromm hys vyfage washedd the bloude,

Hylte ¹³⁶ hys fwerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe fyke an eyne fhee fwotellie ¹³⁷ hymm dydd
view,

Dydd foe ycorvenn ¹³⁸ everrie shape to joie, 170

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delyghtfomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge ¹³⁹ fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente ¹⁴⁰, 175

Lyche the merk ¹⁴¹-plante doe entwyne.

¹³³ smoking, steaming.

¹³⁴ dark, gloomy.

¹³⁵ ease.

¹³⁶ hid, secreted. ¹³⁷ sweetly. ¹³⁸ moulded. ¹³⁹ shooting, darting.

¹⁴⁰ grasp, hold. ¹⁴¹ night-shade.

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
 Onknowlachynge ¹⁴² ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
 Thys rule yspende ¹⁴³, and ynn thie mynde retayne;
 Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies be-
 hynde. 180

¹⁴² ignorant, unknowing. ¹⁴³ confider.

BRISTOWE

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:
 OR THE DETHE OF
 SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
 Han wounde hys bugle horne,
 And tolde the earlie villager
 The commynge of the morne :

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes 5
 Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
 And herde the raven's crokyng throte
 Proclayne the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
 "That fyttres enthron'd on hyghe! 10
 "CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
 "To-daie shall furelie die."

Thenne

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale

Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;

“ Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie

15

“ Hee leaves thys mortall state.”

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,

Canterlone

Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;

Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,

And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.

20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,

For goode Syr CHARLESSES lyfe.

“ O goode Syr CHARLES!” sayd CANTERLONE, 25

“ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlie, manne,” sayd brave Syr CHARLES,

“ Whatte says thie traytor kynge?”

“ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne

“ Does fromme the welkinn flye,

30

“ Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,

“ Thatt thou shalt furelie die.”

“ Wee

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES;

“ Of thatte I’m not affearde;

“ Whatte bootes to lyve a little space? 35

“ Thanke Jesu, I’m prepar’d:

“ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee’s not,

“ I’d sooner die to-daie

“ Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,

“ Tho’ I shoulde lyve for aie.” 40

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,

To telle the maior straite

To gett all thynges ynne reddyness

For goode Syr CHARLESSES fate.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE faughte the kynge, 45

And felle down onne hys knee;

“ I’m come,” quod hee, “ unto your grace

“ To move your clemencye.”

Thenne quod the kynge,” “ Youre tale speke out,

“ You have been much oure friende; 50

“ Whatever youre request may bee,

“ Wee wylle to ytte attende.”

“ My

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 47

“ My nobile liege ! alle my request

“ Ys for a nobile knyghte,

“ Who, tho’ may hap hee has donne wronge, 55

“ He thoghte ytte styll was ryghte :

“ Hee has a spoufe and children twaine,

“ Alle rewyn’d are for aie ;

“ Yff thatt you are resolv’d to lett

“ CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie.” 60

“ Speke nott of such a traytour vile,”

“ The kynge ynne furie fayde ;

“ Before the evening starre doth sheene,

“ BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde :

“ Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65

“ And hee shalle have hys meede :

“ Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyng else

“ Att present doe you neede ?”

“ My nobile leige !” goode CANYNGE fayde,

“ Leave justice to our Godde. 70

“ And laye the yronne rule asyde ;

“ Be thyne the olyve rodde.

“ Was

“ Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,

“ The best were fynners grete ;

“ CHRIST’S vycarr only knowes ne synne,

75

“ Ynne alle thys mortall state.

“ Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,

“ ’Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure ;

“ From race to race thy familie

“ Alle sov’reigns shall endure :

“ Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou

“ Beginne thy infante reigne,

“ Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows

“ Wylle never long remayne.”

“ CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile

85

“ Has scorn’d my power and mee ;

“ Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne

“ Intreate my clemencye ?”

“ My nobile liege ! the trulie brave

“ Wylle val’rous actions prize,

90

“ Respect a brave and nobile mynde,

“ Altho’ ynne enemies.”

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 49

“ CANYNGE, awaie ! By Godde ynne Heav’n

“ Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,

“ I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade 95

“ Whilft thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

“ By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav’n,

“ Thys funne shall be hys laste.”

Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,

And from the prefence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,

Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,

And fatt hymm downe uponne a stoole,

And teares beganne to flowe.

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave Syr CHARLES ; 105

“ Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne ;

“ Dethe ys the fure, the certaine fate

“ Of all wee mortall menne.

“ Saye why, my friend, thie honest foul

“ Runns overr att thyne eye ; 110

“ Is ytte for my most welcome doome

“ Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye ?”

E

Quod

Quod godlie CANYNGE, "I doe weepe,
 " Thatt thou foe soone must dye,
 " And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe; 115
 " 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

" Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
 " From godlie fountaines sprynge;
 " Dethe I despise, and alle the power
 " Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge. 120

" Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
 " I shall resigne my lyfe,
 " The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
 " For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

" Before I sawe the lyghtsome funne, 125
 " Thys was appointed mee;
 " Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
 " Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
 " Whan thoufands dy'd arounde; 130
 " Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
 " Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

" Howe

“ How dydd I knowe thatt ev’ry darte,
 “ Thatt cutte the airie waie,
 “ Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte, 135
 “ And close myne eyes for aie ?

“ And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
 “ Looke wanne and bee dyfmayde ?
 “ Ne! fromm my herte flie chilydyshe feere,
 “ Bee alle the manne display’d. 140

“ Ah, goddelyke HENRIE ! Godde forefende,
 “ And garde thee and thye sonne,
 “ Yff ’tis hys wylle ; but yff ’tis nott,
 “ Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

“ My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145
 “ To serve Godde and mye prynce ;
 “ And thatt I no tyme-server am,
 “ My dethe wylle soone convynce.

“ Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
 “ Of parents of grete note; 150
 “ My fadre dydd a nobile armes
 “ Emblazon onne hys cote :

" I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone

" Where foone I hope to goe ;

" Where wee for ever shall bee blest,

155

" From oute the reech of woe :

" Hee taughte mee iustice and the laws

" Wyth pitie to unite ;

" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe

" The wronge cause fromm the ryghte :

160

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande

" To feede the hungrie poore,

" Ne lett mye servants dryve awaie

" The hungrie fromme my doore :

" And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe

165

" I have hys wordyes kept ;

" And summ'd the actyonns of the daie

" Eche nyghte before I slept.

" I have a spouse, goe aske of her,

" Yff I defyl'd her bedde ?

" I have a kynge, and none can laie

" Blacke treason onne my hedde.

“ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 “ Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne ;
 “ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d 175
 “ To leave thys worlde of payne ?

“ Ne ! hapless HENRIE ! I rejoyce,
 “ I shalle ne see thye dethe ;
 “ Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause
 “ Doe I resign my brethe. 180

“ Oh, fickle people ! rewyn’d londe !
 “ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe ;
 “ Whyle RICHARD’S sonnes exalt themselves,
 “ Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

“ Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace, 185
 “ And godlie HENRIE’S reigne,
 “ Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
 “ For those of bloude and peyne ?

“ Whatte tho’ I onne a sledde bee drawne,
 “ And mangled by a hynde, 190
 “ I doe defye the traytor’s pow’r,
 “ Hee can ne harm my mynde ;

- " Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
 " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre;
 " And ne ryche monument of brasse 195
 " CHARLES BAWDIN's name shall bear;

 " Yett ynne the holie booke above,
 " Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
 " There wythe the servants of the Lorde
 " Mye name shall lyve for aie. 200

 " Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
 " I leave thys mortall lyfe:
 " Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
 " Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!

 " Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie;
 " Nor woulde I even wyfhe to lyve,
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

 Quod CANYNGE, "'Tys a goodlie thyng
 " To bee prepar'd to die; 210
 " And from thys world of peyne and grefe
 " To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And

SIR CHARLES BAWDIN. 55

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to founde ;
Syr CHARLES hee herde the horses feete 215
A prauncyng onne the grounde ;

And just before the officers,
His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne. 220

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I praie forbere,
“ Ynne quiet lett mee die ;
“ Praie Godde, thatt ev’ry Chriftian foule
“ Maye looke onne dethe as I.

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! why these brinie teeres ? 225
“ Theye washe my foule awaie,
“ And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
“ Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

“ ’Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
“ Untoe the lande of blyffe ; 230
“ Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande’s love,
“ Receive thys holie kyffe.”

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her faie,

Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,

“ Ah, cruele EDWARDE ! bloudie kyng ! 235

“ My herte ys welle nyghe broke :

“ Ah, sweete Syr CHARLES ! why wylt thou goe,

“ Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe ?

“ The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,

“ Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.” 240

And nowe the officers came ynne

To brynge Syr CHARLES awaie,

Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,

And thus toe her dydd faie :

“ I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe ; 245

“ Truste thou ynne Godde above,

“ And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,

“ And ynne theyre hertes hym love :

“ Teache them to runne the nobile race

“ Thatt I theyre fader runne : 250

“ FLORENCE ! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu !

“ Yee officers, leade onne.”

Thenne

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her tresses tere ;
 " Oh ! staie, mye husbande ! lorde ! and lyfe ! " — 255
 Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

" Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngge loud,
 Shee fellen onne the flore ;
 Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march'd fromm oute the dore. 260

Uponne a fledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete ;
 Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne, 265
 Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyngge ynne the funne,
 Muche glorious to beholde :

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next
 Appeared to the fyghte, 270
 Alle cladd ynne homelie ruffett weedes,
 Of godlie monkysh plyghte ;

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came, 275
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of kynge HENRIES friends
 Syr CHARLES forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde fledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seinte JAMESES Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt; 290
 Behynde theyre backs fyx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;
 And theyre attendyng menne echone, 295
 Lyke Easterne princes trickt :

And after them a multitude
 Of citizenns dydd thronge ;
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
 As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croffe,
 Syr CHARLES dydd turne and faie,
 " O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
 " Washe mye soule clean thys daie !"

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe fat 305
 The kynge ynne mycle state,
 To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,
 Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare, 310
 The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,
 And thus hys wordes declare :

" Thou

[“ Thou seest mee, EDWARDE ! traytour vile !

“ Expos'd to infamie ;

“ Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne !

315

“ I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

“ Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

“ Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

“ And hast appoynted mee to dye,

“ By power nott thyne owne,

320

“ Thou thynkst I shall dye to-daie ;

“ I have beene dede 'till nowe,

“ And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

“ For aie uponne my browe :

“ Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,

325

“ Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

“ To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

“ 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande ;

“ Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave !

“ Shall falle onne thye owne hedde”—

330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge

Departed thenne the sledde,

Kyrge

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 61

Kynge EDWARDE's foule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder GLOUCESTER 335
Hee thus dydd speke and saie :

" To hym that foe-much-dreaded dethe
" Ne ghaftlie terrors brynge,
" Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,
" Hee's greater thanne a kynge ! 340

" Soe lett hym die !" Duke RICHARD fayde ;
" And maye echone oure foes
" Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
" And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe 345
Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle ;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the funne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre 350
Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre :

And

And to the people hee dydd faie,

“ Beholde you see mee dye,

“ For ferynge loyally mye kynge, 355

“ Mye kynge most rightfullie.

“ As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,

“ Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;

“ Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,

“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

“ You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,

“ Whenne ynne aduersitye ;

“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,

“ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preeftes, uponne hys knees, 365

A pray’r to Godde dydd make,

Befeechynge hym unto hymselfe

Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys heede

Most seemlie onne the blocke ; 370

Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once

The able heddes-manne stroke :

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 63

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe't awaie, 375
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

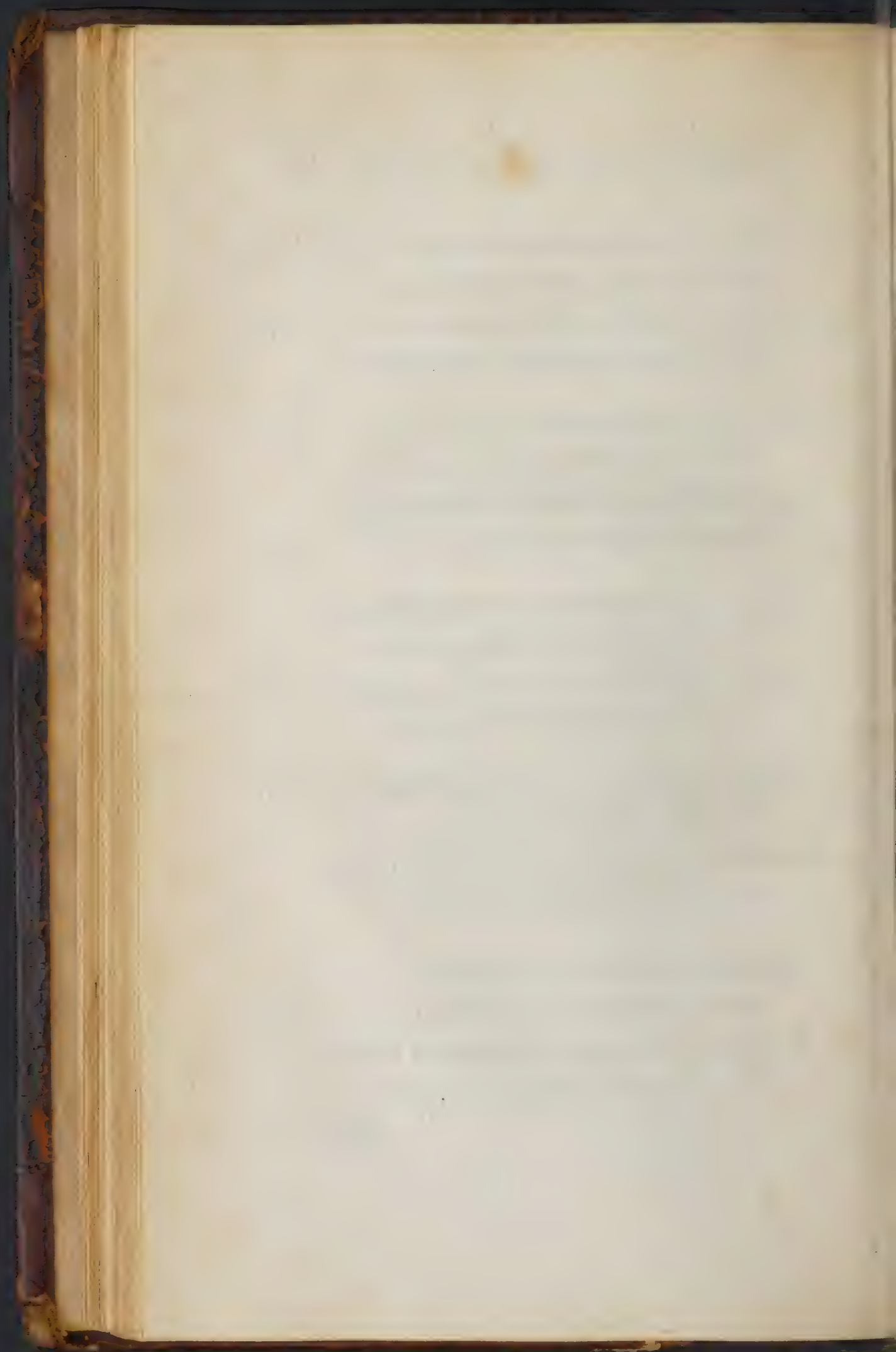
The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate, 385
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge, 390
And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's foule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

Æ L L A:



Æ L L A:

A

TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTE
THE RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN
HOWARD.]

F

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, *bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeſte, the Auſthoure.*

CELMONDE, *Johan Iſcamm, Preeſte.*

HURRA, *Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.*

BIRTHA, *Maſtre Edwarde Canynge.*

Odherr Partes bie Knyghtes Mynſtrelles.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON
ÆLLA.

TYS songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent
tym,

Whan Reasonn hylt ¹ herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeste delyvered alle the lege ² yn rhym;
Lyche peynsted ³ tyltyng speares to please the syghte,
The whyche yn yttes felle use doe make moke ⁴
dere ⁵,

Syke dyd theire auntyante lee destlie ⁶ delyghte the care.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtnes gare ⁷ rhym mote bee thenned,
Butte este ⁸ nowe flyeth to the odher syde;
In hallie ⁹ preeste apperes the ribaudes ¹⁰ penne,
Inne lithie ¹¹ moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: 10
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere ¹² widhout teethe,
Make pleasaunce to the fenise, botte maie do lyttel
scathe ¹³.

¹ hid, concealed. ² law. ³ painted. ⁴ much. ⁵ hurt, damage.
sweetly. ⁷ cause. ⁸ oft. ⁹ holy. ¹⁰ rake, lewd person.
¹¹ humble. ¹² adder. ¹³ hurt, damage.

68 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore ¹⁴,
 Kenns ¹⁵ Latyn att fyrst fyghte from Frenche or Greke,
 Pyghtethe ¹⁶ hys knowlacheinge ¹⁷ ten yeres or more, ¹⁵
 To ryngge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
 Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despyfed,
 The Englysch hym to please moſte fyrſte be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem ¹⁸ fynges ;
 Can preache ſo wele, eche hynde ¹⁹ hys meneynge
 knowes ; 20
 Albeytte theſe gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
 Beeynge as badde yn vearſe as goode yn proſe.
 Hee fynges of ſeynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
 Everych wynter nyghte afreſche he ſheddes theyr blodde.

To maydens, huſwyfes, and unlored ²⁰ dames, 25
 Hee redes hys tales of merrymment & woe.
 Loughe ²¹ loudlie dynneth ²² from the dolte ²³
 adrames ²⁴ ;
 He ſwelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes ²⁵ hem foe.

¹⁴ learning. ¹⁵ knows. ¹⁶ plucks or tortures. ¹⁷ knowledge.
¹⁸ a ſervice uſed over the dead. ¹⁹ peaſant. ²⁰ unlearned. ²¹ laugh.
²² ſounds. ²³ fooliſh. ²⁴ churls. ²⁵ knows.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 69

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped ²⁶ fage ²⁷ somme hard-drayned water
brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde ²⁸ hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute fense fulle groffyingelye ²⁹ he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, 35
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf ³⁰ you neere be-
gonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte ³¹ of faultes, be
less. 40

ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be un-
true.

²⁶ laughable. ²⁷ tale, jest. ²⁸ beyond. ²⁹ foolishly. ³⁰ if.
³¹ many.

70 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Playes made from hallie ³² tales I holde unmeete;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate, 45
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie ³³ mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the fame. Adieu untylle anere ³⁴.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

³² holy. ³³ strange perversion of words. *Droorie* in its antient
signification stood for *modesty*. ³⁴ another.

LETTER

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE
CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of
oures,

Nete ³⁵ butte a bare recytalle can hav place ;

Nowe shapelië poesie haft losse yttes powers,

And pynant hyfserie ys onlie grace ;

Heie ³⁶ pycke up wolfsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5

And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace ;

Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate ³⁷,

Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie ³⁸, ryse yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,

Shewe whatt theyre grandfieres, & great granfieres
bore, 10

Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,

Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before ;

Lette trades, & toune folck, lett fyke ³⁹ thynges alone,

Ne fyghte for fable yn a fiede of aure ;

³³ nought. ³⁶ they. ³⁷ esteem. ³⁸ heraldry. ³⁹ such.

72 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, 15
 Shee nillynge ⁴⁰ to take myckle ⁴¹ aie dothe hede.

A man ascaunse upponn a piece maye looke,
 And shake hys hedde to styrre hys rede ⁴² aboute;
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute; 20
 Eke, gyf ⁴³ ynto a vew percase ⁴⁴ I tooke
 The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
 Afferius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
 Thorow hem ⁴⁵ al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes ⁴⁶, gyff I faie, onwife 25
 Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelie ⁴⁷
 To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
 Whyche amenufed ⁴⁸ thoughtes of poesie;
 Somme drybblette ⁴⁹ share you shoulde to yatte ⁵⁰ alyse ⁵¹,
 Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hystorie; 30
 Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,
 You onn a rouncey ⁵² dryve yn dolefull course.

⁴⁰ unwilling. ⁴¹ much. ⁴² wisdom, council. ⁴³ if. ⁴⁴ perchance.
⁴⁵ them. ⁴⁶ Greybeards. ⁴⁷ curiously. ⁴⁸ lessened. ⁴⁹ small.
⁵⁰ that. ⁵¹ allow. ⁵² cart-horse.

Cannynges

Cannyng & I from common courfe dyffente;
 Wee ryde the ftede, botte yev to hym the reene;
 Ne wylle betweene crased molteryng bookes be pente, 35
 Botte foare on hyghe, & yn the fonne-bemes fheene;
 And where wee kenn fomme ifhad ⁵³ floures besprente,
 We take ytte, & from ould roust doe ytte clene;
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
 Botte sometymes foare 'bove trouthe of hyftorie. 40

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearfe yn daies of yore?
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie ⁵⁴ bewryen ⁵⁵,
 Notte fyke as doe annoie thys age fo fore,
 A keppe ned poyntelle ⁵⁶ reftyng at eche lyne.
 Vearfe maie be goode, botte poefie wantes more, 45
 An onliff ⁵⁷ lecturn ⁵⁸, and a fonge adygne ⁵⁹;
 Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
 Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a groate.

The thyng ytt^s moſte bee ytt^s owne deſenſe; *ytt ſelf*
 Som metre maie notte pleaſe a womannes ear. 50

⁵³ broken.⁵⁴ elegantly.⁵⁵ declared, expreſſed.⁵⁶ a pen, uſed metaphorically, as a muſe or genius.⁵⁷ boundleſs.⁵⁸ ſubject. ⁵⁹ nervous, worthy of praiſe

74 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sence;
And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere;
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie, 55
Hee wysche you healthe & selineffe for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

ENTRO.

ENTROUCTIONNE.

SOMME cherifaunei ⁶⁰ 'tys to gentle mynde,
 Whan heie have chevyced ⁶¹ theyre londe from
 bayne ⁶²,

*Cherifaunei
it is*

Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
 And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
 Downe yn the grave wee ynyme ⁶³ everych steine, 5
 Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
 Lyche fetyve baubels ⁶⁴ geasonne ⁶⁵ to be seene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys ⁶⁶ castell ⁶⁷ stede,
 Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede, 10
 Then feel'd ⁶⁸ hys eyne, and feeled hys eyne for aie,
 Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
 To saie what he, as clergyond ⁶⁹, can kenne,
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

⁶⁰ comfort. ⁶¹ preserved. ⁶² ruin. ⁶³ inter. ⁶⁴ jewels. ⁶⁵ rare.
⁶⁶ Bristol. ⁶⁷ castle. ⁶⁸ closed. ⁶⁹ taught.

Æ L L A.

Æ L L A.

C E L M O N D E, att B R Y S T O W E.

BEFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys
wayne

Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites ¹ of goulde,
Mee, happelofs mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Miefelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces
chayne.

Ah ! Birtha, whie, dydde Nature frame thee fayre ? ⁵
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle ² canne bewreene ³ ?
Whie art thou nott as coarfe as odhers are ?—
Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vylfage
sheene,

Yatt shemres onn thie comelie femlykeene ⁴,
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne
made redde, 10

¹ robes, mantels. ² a pen. ³ exprefs. ⁴ countenance.

Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene⁵,
 Syke⁶ woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage fpreddē.
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thynē honde & harte
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee ftoomm hys moſte
 parte.

And cann I lyve to ſee herr wythe anere⁷! 15
 Ytt cannotte, muſte notte, naie, ytt ſhalle not bee.
 Thys nyghte I'll putte ſtronge poyſonn ynn the beere,
 And hymm, herr, and myſelfe, attenes⁸ wyll flea.
 Affyſt mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,
 To flea mieſelfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie⁹ friende. 20

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,
 Bleſſyng the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
 Howe bie mie honde the prevyd¹⁰ Dane ſhoulde blede,
 Howe I ſchulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

⁵ covered. ⁶ ſuch. ⁷ another. ⁸ at once. ⁹ mighty.
¹⁰ hardy, valorous.

Notte,

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, 25
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie softer soule;
 Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd
 viewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
 Dydd I fele joie wyth fyke reddoure ¹¹ as nowe, 30
 Whann hallie preeft, the lechemanne of the soule,
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytynede ¹² vowe:
 Now hallie Ælla's felynesse ys grate;
 Shap ¹³ haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate ¹⁴.

B I R T H A.

Mie lorde, & husbande, fyke a joie ys myne; 35
 Botte mayden modestie moſte ne ſoe faie,
 Albeytte thou mayeſt rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou ſhalte be for aie;
 Inne ſothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie ¹⁵;
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin
 yblente ¹⁶, 40

¹¹ violence. ¹² binding, enforcing. ¹³ fate. ¹⁴ leſſen, decreaſe.
¹⁵ faith. ¹⁶ blinded.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 79

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
And on the grasse her lemes ¹⁷ of sylverr sente,
Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie fwote to bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moste faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I scene thee atte the none-daie feaste, 45
Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for wante of pheeres ¹⁸,
Awhylst thie merrymen dydde laughe and jeaste,
Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares.
Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Alest a daygnous ¹⁹ looke to thee be sente, 50
And offrendes ²⁰ made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
Offe scarpes ²¹ of scarlette, & fyne paramente ²²;
All thie yntente to please was lyssed ²³ to mee,
I faie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe, 55
Thie gentleness doth corven them foe grete,
Lyche bawfyn ²⁴ olyphauntes ²⁵ mie gnattes doe
shewe;

Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate ²⁶.

¹⁷ lights, rays. ¹⁸ fellows, equals. ¹⁹ disdainful.
²⁰ presents, offerings. ²¹ scarfs. ²² robes of scarlet. ²³ bounded.
²⁴ large. ²⁵ elephants. ²⁶ destroy.

Botte

Botte hann mie actyonns straughte ²⁷ the rolle of fate
 Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down
 to thee, 60
 Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
 On smyle woulde be suffycyll mede for mee.
 I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
 Bott be hys borrower styll, & thyne, mie swete, for aie.

B I R T H A.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes ²⁸ foe smalle; 65
 As I to you, fyke love untoe mee beare;
 For nothyng paste wille Birtha ever call,
 Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.
 As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,
 Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you; 70
 Be notte toe slacke yn love, ne overdeare;
 A smalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

Æ L L A.

doe Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde ²⁹ kenne
 To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of
 menne.

²⁷ stretched. ²⁸ services. ²⁹ memory, understanding.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 81

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE,
MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleffyngeſ ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde! 75
Oft maie the moone, yn ſylver ſheenynge lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed bleffyngeſ ſhedde,
Beſprengeynge far abroad miſchaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, ſo
bryghte,
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80
Wythe ſelyneſſe, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe!
I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre
brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan ſopperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale ſoe
ſtronge, 85
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

G

CEL-

C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepfterr ³⁰ fwayne;
 Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
 From the floures of yellowe hue;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

90

W O M A N N E.

No, beftoikerre ³¹, I wylle go,
 Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees ³²,
 Lyche the fylver-footed doe,
 Seekeynge shelter yn grene trees.

M A N N E.

See the mofs-growne daifey'd banke,
 Pereynge ynne the ftreme belowe;
 Here we'll fytt, yn dewie danke;
 Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

95

³⁰ Shepherd.³¹ deceiver.³² meadows.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 83

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erste mie grandame faie,
Yonge damoyfelles schulde ne bee, 100
Inne the fwotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, fytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle ³³ chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree ³⁴, greie morn larke, 105
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie ³⁵,
Tellynge lecturnyes ³⁶ to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

³³ The black-bird. ³⁴ Gold-finch. ³⁵ loudly. ³⁶ lectures.

M A N N E.

See alonge the mees so grene
 Pied daifies, kynge-coppes swote;
 Alle wee see, bie non bee feene,
 Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

W O M A N N E.

Shepster fwayne, you tare mie gratche ³⁷.
 Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
 Leave mee fwythe, or I'lle alatche.
 Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

115

M A N N E.

See! the crokyng brionie
 Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraie;
 Rounde the oake the greene ivie
 Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

120

Lette us feate us bie thys tree,
 Laughe, and synge to lovyng ayres;
 Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

125

³⁷ Apparel.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 85

Drooried cattles wylle after kynde ;
Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe :

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde,
Tyll fyr preeſte make on of two. 130

Tempe mee ne to the foule thyng ;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be ;
Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſyng,
Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, 135
To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes³⁸, thoſ honde yn honde, 140
Unto diviniftre³⁹ goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde ?

³⁸ At once.

³⁹ a divine.

M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
 Good fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte, 145
 Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

B O T H E.

We wylle ynn a bordelle ^{4o} lyve,
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
 Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate. 150

Æ L L A.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
 And there ys monie for yer fyngeyne nowe;
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleffynges telle?

C E L M O N D E.

In marriage, bleffynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

^{4o} A cottage.

M Y N-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 87

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Laverde⁴¹, we have; and, gyff you please, wille
fynge, 151

As well as owre choughe-voyces wille permytte.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you fwotelie tune the ftrynge,
And fret⁴², and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and fynge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

F Y R S T E M Y N S T R E L L E.

The boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte; 160
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh⁴³ yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

⁴¹ Lord. ⁴² fretch. ⁴³ tender.

The trees enlufed, yntoe Heavenne ftraughte,¹
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whetflyng dynne
 ys broughte. 165

The evenyng commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
 The roddie welkynne fheeneth to the eyne;
 Arounde the aleftake Mynftrells fynge the fonge;
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poſte do entwine;
 I laie mee onn the graſſe; yette, to mie wylle, 170
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe fomethynge ſtyle.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyſe,
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd homage to hys mynde;
 Ynn Womman alleynes mannes pleaſaunce lyes;
 As Inſtrumetes of joie were made the kynde. 175
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and fee
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

THYRDE

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake ⁴⁴ and sonne-brente doe
appere,

With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lese,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere, 180
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the
fyghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde; 185
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme
care.

⁴⁴ Naked.

SECONDE

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wroghte to bee of neidher kynde; 190

Angelles alleyne fromme chafe⁴⁵ desyre bee free;

Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,

Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee;

Ne feyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and
tere⁴⁶,

Do fynde the spryte to joie on fyghte of womanne
fayre: 195

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte
manne,

Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;

Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,

Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;

Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete 200

The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres

To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,

Botte wommenne este the spryghte of peace so cheres,

Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee; 205

⁴⁵ Hot.

⁴⁶ health.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 91

Go, take thee fwythyn⁴⁷ to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or bleffed hie, yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodber Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green leffelle was fyttynge,
As from the fones hete she harried,
She fayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was
knyttynge, 210
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrefter boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cheryfauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte. 215

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefse to mynde spynnynge,
I styll wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnynge.

⁴⁷ Quickly.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes, 220
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
 Thann fwythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge, 225
 Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
 In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
 As hee the fatte derkynnes wae chacynge,
 Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente
 Inee; 230
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

Æ L L A.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
 Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;
 There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped ⁴⁸ jeaste;
 And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee; 235

⁴⁸ Laughable.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 93

Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spouse-feaste goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted⁴⁹ everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

M E S S E N G E R E.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste, 240
Are ragyng, to be quanfed⁵⁰ bie none botte thee;
Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyn can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesternes rolle of dome bee fulle. 245
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

Æ L L A.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moſte be gon.
Was ever lockleſs dome ſo hard as myne!
Thos from dyſportyfmente to warr to ron, 250
To chaunge the ſelke veſte for the gaberdyne!

⁴⁹ Drowned. ⁵⁰ Stilled, quenched.

B I R T H A.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
 And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,
 Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre. 255

Æ L L A.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,
 Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guesstes
 to eate?

O mie upswalynge ⁵¹ harte, whatt wordes can faie
 The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie, 260
 O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendement.
 Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente
 As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne?
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,
 And for a bodykyn ⁵² a swarthe obteyne? 265

⁵¹ Swelling. ⁵² Body, substance.

O! whie,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 95

O! whie, yee feynctes, opprefs yee thos mie fowle?
How fhalle I fpeke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole?

C E L M O N D E.

Sometyme the wyfeste lacketh pore mans rede.
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
Thanne, loverde, lett me faie, wyth hommaged drede
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counfelle faie; 271
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen ⁵³ faie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poync̃te, getteth fote.
Mie loverde, lett the fpeere-menne, dyghte for fraie,
And all the fabbataners goe aboute. 275
I fpeke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryfe
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyfe.

Æ L L A.

Ah! nowe thou potteft takells ³⁴ yn mie harte;
Mie foulghe dothe nowe begynne to fee herfelle;
I wylle upryfe mie myghte, and doe mie parte, 280
To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.

⁵³ Still, dead.

³⁴ arrows, darts.

Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle;
 Whyche ryfeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
 Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
 Founde out impleasaunce of fyke blacke a geare. 285
 Yette I wyll bee mieselfe, and rouze mie spryte
 To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie
 fyghte.

B I R T H A.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's fyde;
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyn;
 I, lyche a nedre, wyll untoe thee byde; 290
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.
 I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wyll
 drayne, 295
 Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
 Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;
 For wyth thie femmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

Æ L L A;

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 97

Æ L L A.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyn I fele;
Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear
I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn
stele, 300
And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

B I R T H A.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?
Is shee so rou and ugsomme ^{ss} to hys fyghte?
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathallwarre so deare?
Thou pryzeft mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy
morte.

Æ L L A.

Dydest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres
ybrente,
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310
Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnoures calle.

^{ss} Terrible.

H

Of

Of felyneffe I pryze thee moe yan all
 Heaven can mee fende, or counynge wytt acquyre,
 Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
 Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre. 315

B I R T H A.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd ?
 Receyve attenes a darte yn felyneffe and pryde ?
 Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.

Æ L L A.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for
 yeares; 320
 Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
 Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
 To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede. 325

B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 99

B I R T H A.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedeſt notte goe, untill thou haſte command
Under the ſygnette of oure lorde the kynge.

Æ L L A.

And wouldeſt thou make me then a recreande? 330
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng!
Heere, Birtha, thou haſt potte a double ſtyng,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

B I R T H A.

Agylted ⁵⁶ Ælla, thie abredynge ⁵⁷ blynge ⁵⁸,
Twas love of the thatte foule intende ywrynde. 335
Yette heare mie ſupplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted ⁵⁹ harte the lover and the friende.

⁵⁶ Offended. ⁵⁷ upbraiding. ⁵⁹ ceaſe. ⁴⁹ ſwollen.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte ;
 And yn thie stead unto the battle goe ;
 Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to
 flyghte, 340
 The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe ;
 I moſte, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,
 And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweſtlye goe,
 Telle mie Bryſtowans to dyghte yn ſtele ; 345
 Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,
 Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of
 warre.

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

And thou wylt goe : O mie agroted harte !

Æ L L A.

Mie cuntrye waites mie marche ; I muſte awaie ;
 Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte 350
 Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.
 Botte

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 101

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe affwaie
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be sedde bie
tyngue,

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie
fyngue. 355

O Birtha, strev mie agreeme⁶⁰ to accaie⁶¹,
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

B I R T H A.

Difficile⁶² ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev, 360

Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;

Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.

Juste as I was wythe Ælla to bleste,

Shappe foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie. 365

It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,

Wydhouthe an ounde of feares and breaste wyth fyghes
ytorne.

⁶⁰ Torture.

⁶¹ assuage.

⁶² difficult.

Æ L L A.

Thie mynde ys now thiefelfe; why wylte thou bee
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all foe wyse yn mynde,
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla fee, 370
 Whatte wondrous bighes ⁶³ he nowe muste leave
 behynde?

O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
 On everych wynde I wylle a token sende;
 Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and
 friende. 375

Æ L L A, B I R T H A, C E L M O N D E
speaking.

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge
 lynge ⁶⁴;
 Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe
 flynge.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

⁶⁴ Jewels.

⁶⁵ stay.

B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 103

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie. 380
Engyne mee notte wyth fyke a drierie woe.

Æ L L A.

I muſte, I wylle ; tys honnoure calſ awaie.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted harte, braſte, braſte ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu ; I maie notte here obaie. 385
I'm flyynge from mieſelfe yn flying thee.

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, houſband, friend, and loverde, ſtaie.
He's gon, he's gone, alaſs ! percaſe he's gone for aie.

C E L M O N D E.

Hope, hallie fuffter, fweepeynge thro' the fkie,
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 390
 Whyche farre abroad ynnē gentle ayre doe flie,
 Meetyngē from dyftaunce the enjoyous fyghte,
 Albeytte eftē thou takeft thie hie flyghte
 Hecket ⁶⁵ ynnē a myfte, and wyth thyne eyne
 yblente,
 Nowe commeft thou to mee wythe ftarrie lyghte; 395
 Ontoe thie vefte the rodde fonne ys adente ⁶⁶;
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
 Depycte wythe fkylledd honde upponn thie wyde
 aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
 Awhaped ⁶⁷ atte the fetyvenefs of daie; 400
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
 Is gone, and I moſte followe, toe the fraie.

⁶⁵ Wrapped cloſely, covered. ⁶⁶ faſtened. ⁶⁷ aſtoniſh'd.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 105

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.

Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place.

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll hafte awaie.

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes
face. 405

I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryfe;

Blake ⁶⁸ stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee
alyfe.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne?

Hailie the robber and the bordelyer, 410

Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,

And nothyng does thie myckle gastnefs fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.

Thou there dysperpellest ⁶⁹ thie levynne-bronde;

Whylest mie foulgh's forwyned, thou art the
gare; 415

Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the
ground,

⁶⁸ Naked,

⁶⁹ Scatterest.

Itte kerveth all abroad, bie brasteynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
A thyng of wychencref, an idle dreme; 420

On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhouthe sprytes, and wommen for to fleme;
Knyghtes, who este kenne the loude dynne of the
beme,

Schulde be forgarde to fyke enfeeblunge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr foules, be breme, 425
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyn have prayse.

O thou, whatteer thie name,

Or Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, steel mie fable spryte,

For fremde ⁷⁰ and dolefulle dede. 430

⁷⁰ Strange.

MAGNUS,

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,
wyth the ARMIE, neare Watchette.

M A G N U S.

SWYTHE ⁷¹ lette the offrendes ⁷² to the Goddes
begynne,

To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.

Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;

Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

H I E P R E E S T E *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre 435

Delethe seafonnes foule or fayre,

Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,

The mone yn bloddie gyttelles ⁷³ hylte,

Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde

Everyche barriere to the wynde; 440

⁷¹ Quickly.

⁷² offerings.

⁷³ mantels.

Whanne

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 109

As whanne a tempeste vexethe foare the coaste,
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stonde doe tare,
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
Full meynthe a champyones breaste received mie
 spear. 460

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

H U R R A.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of sounde, and
 eeke

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke ; 465
The cocke saiethe drefte ⁷⁵, yett armed ys he alleyn.
Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne
Of mee, and meynthe of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle
 myghte. 470

Sythence fyke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage
 stonde.

⁷⁵ Least.

MAGNUS.

M A G N U S.

'Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
 And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
 Thou fyghtest anente ⁷⁶ maydens and ne menne, 475
 Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.
 Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
 Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
 Wythe corfes I investynge everich mede,
 And thou aften, and wondrynge at mie myghte. 480
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,
 Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

H U R R A.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.
 Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; 485
 Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte be wreene.

be wreene

⁷⁶ Against.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 111

I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene ;
Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. 490
Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can
feare.

M A G N U S.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte
Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd
wryte, 495
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,
'Tys here to meet ytt ; botte gyff nott, bee goe ;
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche ⁷⁷ myckle
woe. 500
Oh ! I bee mādde, dysstraughte wyth brendyng rage ;
Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte
affwage.

⁷⁷ Work.

H U R R A.

H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
 That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte, 505
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugdomnes⁷⁸
 To thee and recreandes⁷⁹) thondered on the playne,
 Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne. 510
 A ronnynge pryze onn feyncte daie to ordayne,
 Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze
 wylle gayne.

M A G N U S.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
 Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
 Maieft thou fele al the peynes of age whylft
 yyngge, 515
 Unmanned, uneyned, exclouded aie the lyghte,

⁷⁶ Terror.⁷⁹ cowards.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 113

Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A scoff to foemen & to beastes a pheere;
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere; 520
Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome peenes
devoure.

Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure foe toe doe.

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kynge, 525
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele,
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele ⁸⁰. 530
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle
pryde,

Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come,

⁸⁵ Wave.

I

M A G.

M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder synke toe helle!
 Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome! 535
 I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneft welle.
 Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
 'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
 Bothe fente, as troopes of wolves, to fletre felle;
 Botte nowe thou lackeft hem to be all yyne. 540
 Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne ftate,
 Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyfregate.

H U R R A.

I pryze thie threattes joſte as I doe thie banes,
 The fede of malyce and recendize al.
 Thou arte a ſteyne unto the name of Danes; 545
 Thou alieyne to thie tyngue for prooffe canſt calle.
 Thou beeft a worne ſo groffile and ſo ſmal,
 I wythe thie bloude woulde ſcorne to foul mie ſworde,
 Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,
 Alyche thie owne feare, flea thee wythe a worde. 550
 I Hurra amme mieſel, & aie wylle bee,
 As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

M A G-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 115

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Blynne your contekions ⁸¹, chiefs; for, as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded ⁸² foe; 555
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugfolmie,
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppe yn hayle, & hele the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynthe of them?

MESSENGER.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none, 560
Seemyng as tho' theie flynge as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes fette oure warr-arraille.
Goe, founde the beme, lette champyons prepare;

⁸¹ Contentions.

⁸² frightened.

Ne doubtynge, we wylle styngge as faste as heie.

Whatte? doest forgard ⁸³ thie blodde? ys ytte for
feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castle-stere,

And yette ne byker wythe the souldyer garde?

Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;

I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

M A G N U S.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys
goode. 570

H U R R A.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE M E S S E N G E R R E.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie fwerde,

⁸³ Lofe.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 117

The furyous Ælla's banner ; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dyforder throughe oure hoafte 575
Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name ;
Styr, ftyr, mie lordes !

M A G N U S.

What ? Ælla ? & foe neare ?
Thenne Denmarques roiend ; oh mie ryfynge feare !

H U R R A.

What doefte thou mene ? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie fworde, thou arte a verie berne ⁸⁴. 580
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure fcanne,
Whanne thou dydft boafte foe moche of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges molte atturme,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wylle burne, 585
Telleyng 'hem alle to make her foemen blede ;
Sythe fhame or deathe onne eidher fyde wylle bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryfe, & inne the battelle flea.

⁸⁴ Child.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near*
WATCHETTE.

Æ L L A.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune, 590
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreyng browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugosome gratche of fere; 595
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde weale. 600
Friends, kynne, & souldyerres, ynne blacke armore
drere,
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 119

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scutged ⁸⁵ isle,
 Thatte has ne losse a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted the hongerde soyle, 605
 And townes enlowed ⁸⁶ lemed ⁸⁷ oppe the nyghtes.
 Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes ;
 Ouré sonnes lie storven ⁸⁸ ynne theyre smethynge
 gore ;

Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore. 610
 Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name ;
 These roynerrés of oure hallie houses flea ;
 Braсте, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the
 flame, 615
 Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
 Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge ⁸⁹ levyn-bronde,
 Yatte hautes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
 Soe flie oponne these royners of the londe. 620

⁸⁵ Fate-scourged. ⁸⁶ flamed, fired. ⁸⁷ lighted. ⁸⁸ dead.
⁸⁹ blasting.

Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne onn fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes
hygher, 625

Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of fonde,
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streame,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters ⁹⁰ the hyghe stronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme, 830
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the cham-
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre, 635
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende ⁹¹ fyre:
Thenne lette oure safetie doublied moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,

⁹⁰ swallows, sucks in.

⁹¹ unaccustomed.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 121

See[ing] the lambe & shepsterr nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre flea; 640
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the
playne,

Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns
flayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,
Lyche a stryngge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee
fleene, 645

Lyche[a]loud dynnyngge streeme scalle be mie myghte.
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Bryftow
flepte. 650

Yourselfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,
Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wynne or
die.

I faie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle faie;
Your spryte wylle wryne, thatte Bryftow ys yer
place;

To

To honoures house I nede notte marcke the waie ; 655
 Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe
 trace.

'Twexte shappe & us there ys botte lyttelle space ;
 The tyme ys now to proove yourselves bee menne ;
 Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,
 Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne. 660
 Thus I enrone mie anlace ; go thou shethe ;
 I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe
 deathe.

S O L D Y E R S.

Onn, Ælla, onn ; we longe for bloddie fraie ;
 Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne ;
 Onn, Ælla, onn ; we certys gayne the daie, 665
 Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

C E L M O N D E.

This speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne ;
 Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe ;
 Go, & fytt crowned on corfes of the slayne ;
 Go, & ywielde the massie swerde of deathe, 670

S O L-

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes ;
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

Æ L L A.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer master telle.
Swepte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.
Oure mowynge fwerdes shalle plunge hem downe to
helle ;

Theyre throngynge corfes shall onlyghte the starres ;
The barrowes braстыnge wythe the fleene schall fwelle,
Brynnynge ⁹² to commynge tymes our famous
warres ; 680

Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenyng abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall faie,
Echone wylle maruelle atte the dernie dede,

⁹² Declaring.

Echone wylle wyffen hee hanne seene the daie, 685
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede ;
Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede ;
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde ;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe. 690
Nowe to the warre lette all the flughornes founde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder ryfyng
grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

DANES

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 125

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

F Y R S T E D A N E.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene;
The Saxonne comme wythe Ælla atte theyre
heade; 695
Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

S E C O N D E D A N E.

O goddes! have thoufandes bie mie anlace bledde;
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are
spreade, 700
Yette I wyll fynglie dare the bloddie fraie.
Botte ne; I'lle flie, & morthen yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle ⁹³ marke the goeynge of
my feete.

⁹³ Shall.

THYRDE

T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeyng foe,
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705
 Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,
 Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.
 The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,
 Fro fyde to fyde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;
 The swelleynge fyre yer corragé doe enflame, 710
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobblynge yield yer
 breathe;
 Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
 Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle
 flayne.

H U R R A.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,
 Bie cravente⁹⁴ havyoure havethe don oure woe, 715
 Dyspendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote
 goe.
 Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned foe,
 Gader the fouldyers lefte to future shappe,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 127

To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe, 720

Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude flughorne for a quicke forloyne⁹⁵;

Lette alle the Dacyannes fwythe untoe oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle spreng fadde dethe &
dole,

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch oureselves there-
ynne; 725

Goddes! here the Saxannes lyche a byllowe rolle.

I heere the anlacis detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte
agenne.

⁹⁵ Retreat.

CELMONDE,

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere ! to telle the daie, 730
 The daie whyche skal astounde the herers rede,
 Makeynge oure foemennes envyyng hartes to blede,
 Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for
 aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
 From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne, 735
 The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
 Her fable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.
 The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes playne,
 And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge eie,
 Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure
 fteyne, 740
 Sheenyng upon the borne ⁹⁶ whyche stondeth bie;
 The fouldyers stoode uponne the hillis fyde,
 Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

⁹⁶ Burnish.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 129

Ælla rose lych the tree besette wyth brieres ;
Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte, 745
Hys eyne enfemeyng as a lowe of fyre ;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte ;
Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle ;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte ; 750
Eche warryng harte forr prayse & rennome swelles ;
Lych flowelie dynnyng of the croucheyng streame,
Syche dyd the mormryng founde of the whol armie
feme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to saie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755
Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boefomme
tare,

To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,
Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.
Lych a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were, 760
Lych a yonge wolfynne brondeous & stryng,

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde ;
 Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym
 fledde.

The battelle jyned ; fwerdes uponne fwerdes dyd
 rynge ;

Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee ; 765

Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge ;

Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea ;

Where he dydde comme, the flemed ⁹⁷ foe dydde flee,

Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,

syke Wythe fythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemme dree, 770

Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne ;

Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tynge ; saie nee ;

Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee
 wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys fouldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.

Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle ; 775

Heere lorde & hyndlette sonke uponne the playne ;

Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.

Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, shame to telle !

Hee foughte hys waie for flyghte ; botte Ælla's speere

⁹⁷ Frighted.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 131

Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle, 780
Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, & fonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes
fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyſhe champions
ſtonde,
Lyche bulles, whose ſtrengthe & wondrous myghte ys
fledde; 785
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes
deadde.

After hys acte, the armie all yſpedde;
Fromm everich on unmyſſynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie ſtraughte yer doughtie ſwerdes; the foemenn
bledde; 790
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne
fledde.

The foldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
 Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes af-
 fraie. 795

Sweste, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes
 flie;

Sweste, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
 Pressyng behynde, the Englysche foldyerres slaie.

Botte halfe the tythes of Danysh menne remayne;

Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the flectre staie, 800

Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.

The fyghtyng beyng done, I came awaie,

In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.

Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOUR.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
 Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the
 wynde, 805

Whoe

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 133

Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn
course,

Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.

Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.

Gyv oute to alle yatte I was fleene ynne fyghte.

Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde, 810

Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;

Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;

Quycke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm
heere—awaie!

C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the toun

He waytethe, tyll hys woundes bee broghte to ethe. 815

And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,

Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?

O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,

Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;

Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe 820

To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;

Botte thanne rennome æterne⁹⁸—yttte ys botte ayre;

Bredde ynne the phantasie, & alleyn lyvyng there.

⁹⁸ Eternal.

Albeytte everyche thyng yn lyfe conspyre
To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe, 825
Yette woulde I battentlie affuage mie fyre,
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, & morthur, maisterie, and warre;
Thie I wylle holde to now, & hede ne moe 830
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shalle be
torne.

BRYSTOWE.

B R Y S T O W E.

B I R T H A, E G W I N A.

B I R T H A.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche me joie ;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere ⁹⁹. 835
Oh ! yatte aughte schulde oure fellynessē destroie,
Floddyng the face wythe woe, & brynie teare !

E G W I N A.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto somme cherisauⁿied reste. *cherisauⁿied*
Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere, 840
Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreste ;
Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie ;
Perchaunce the fwotie sounde maie chafe your wiere ⁹⁹
awaie.

⁹⁹ Grief.

K 4

BIRTHA,

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! fyngē untoe mie roundelaie,
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee, 845
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
 Lycke a reynynge ¹⁰⁰ ryver bee;
 Mie love ys dedde,
 Gon to hys death-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree. 850

Blacke hys cryne ¹⁰¹ as the wyntere nyghte,
 Whyte hys rode ¹⁰² as the fommer snowe,
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
 Mie love ys dedde, 855
 Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
 Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
 Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

¹⁰⁰ Running.¹⁰¹ hair.¹⁰² complexion.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 137

Defte hys taboure, codgelle ftote, 860

O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,

Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges, 865

In the briered delle belowe;

Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe fynge,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde, 870

Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone fheenes onne hie;

Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge fkie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude; 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,

Schalle the baren fleurs be layde, 880

Nee one hallie Seyncte to fave
Al the celness of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie styll schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

890

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe & all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

895

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes ¹⁰³,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

900

¹⁰³ Water-flags

I die;

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 139

I die ; I comme ; mie true love waytes.

Thos the damfelle fpake, and dyed.

B I R T H A,

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte
please ;

Butte mie uncourtlye fhappe benymmes mee of all
ease.

905

Æ L L A,

Æ L L A, *atte* WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a
fede!

I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her fyghte.

Brynge mee a fede, wythe eagle-wynges for
fyghte; 910

Swepte as mie wythe, &, as mie love ys, stronge.

The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

O! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode leme
myne eie! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!

Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane, &
blesse;

On

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 141

On tyme encalede ¹⁰⁴, yanne bie the same thyng
warmed,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten less.

'Tys Birtha's los whyche doe mie thoughtes pos-
fesse; 920

I wylle, I muste awaie : whie staies mie stede ?

Mie huscarles, hyther haste ; prepare a dresse,

Whyche couracyers ¹⁰⁵ yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens ! I mozte awaie to Byrtha eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne. 925

¹⁰⁴ Frozen, cold.

¹⁰⁵ horse courfers, couriers.

CELMONDE,

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

THE worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes
are styll;

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;

The upryfte ¹⁰⁶ sprytes the sylente letten ¹⁰⁷ fylle,

Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreame;

The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme; ~ 930

Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn yttes treat;

Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng streame,

Att the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.

Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, fwythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha straye, a straungerr waytethe
here. 935

¹⁰⁶ Risen.

¹⁰⁷ church-yard.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 143

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee feynctes! I hope thou haste goode
newes.

CELMONDE.

This hope ys losse; for heauie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; & styll maie use
The behylte ¹⁰⁸ blessinges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heauie tydyng thenne have I to feare? 940
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

¹⁰⁸ Promised.

CEL-

C E L M O N D E.

For heavie tydynges fwythyn nowe prepare.
 Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
 In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

B I R T H A,

O mie agroted breast!

C E L M O N D E.

Wythoute your fyghte, he dyes. 945

B I R T H A.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe herr Ælla's payne?
 I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

C E L M O N D E.

Mie ftede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

B I R T H A.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, & no waie lynge;

Sweftlie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 145

Sweftlie caparifons for rydyng brynge ; 950
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla ! dydſte thou kenne the ſtyng,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldſte ſee playne thieſelfe the gare to bee ;
Aryſe, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten mee. 955

C E L M O N D E.

The ſtede, on whyche I came, ys ſweſte as ayre ;
Mie ſervytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode ;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre ;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
Your eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle ſtaunche hys
bloode, 960
Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle
cheere ;
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ¹⁰⁹ ;
You doe hys ſpryte, & alle hys pleaſaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to ſeere nyghtes
ſmoke. 965

¹⁰⁹ Life.

L

B I R.

B I R T H A.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
 Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,
 Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd
 flee,

Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee; 970
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,
 Owlettes, wythe scrychyng, shakeyng everyche tree,
 And water-neders wrygglyng yn eche streame,
 Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
 Botte seke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the
 waie. 975

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 147

A W O D E.

H U R R A, D A N E S.

H U R R A.

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,

Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;

Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle flea,

Spreddyng our ugosome rennome to asarre.

Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee

are,

980

Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;

On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,

Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie

dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,

Eftesoones we will retourne, & wanquished bee ne

moere,

985

L 2

The

The battelle losfe, a battelle was yndede ;
 Note queedes hemfelfes culde ftonde fo harde a fraie ;
 Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,
 The Dacyannes fprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde
 awaie.

Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie; 990
 Ynn fpyte of foemanne, I moſte faie hys myghte ;
 Botte wee ynn hyndlettes blodde the lofs wylle paie,
 Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wyne yn
 fyghte ;
 Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloofed from chaynes,
 deſtroie ;—
 Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte oute the daie of
 joie. 995

Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
 Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure fhuyrie brende ;
 Braſtynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,
 The talle chyrche-fpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende ;
 Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourrettes
 rende, 1000
 Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 149

Downe to the'goddess the ownerrs dhereof sende,
Besprengynge alle abroad saddle warre & bloddie weere.
Botte fyrste to ynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte commeth
bie. 1005

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merknefs doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.
Howe fable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde!
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
The starres doe scantillie ¹¹⁰ the fable brayde; 1010
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

*Hallie as
hallie*

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

¹¹⁰ Scarcely, sparingly,

L 3

BIR.

B I R T H A.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
 Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes of
 daie. 1015

C E L M O N D E.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

B I R T H A.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

C E L M O N D E.

Thys Celmonde menes.

No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
 Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
 Nete in thys forreſte, botte thys toreⁱⁱⁱ, dothe
 ſheene, 1020

The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
 See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,
 Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the fyghte;

ⁱⁱⁱ Torch.

Thys

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 151

Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves
bondes. 1025

B I R T H A.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie
thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

C E L M O N D E.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

B I R T H A.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030
Am I betrafte ¹¹²? where ys mie Ælla, saie!

C E L M O N D E.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla fyke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

¹¹² Betrayed.

L 4

B I R

B I R T H A.

Awaie!

I wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,
 Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

C E L M O N D E.

Nowe bie the feynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
 Ontylle thou doeste mie brendyng love amate.
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrate.
 O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state, 1040
 Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
 Iwretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
 Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
 Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
 Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleasaunce
 brooke. 1045

B I R T H A.

This love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
 Radher thanne heere fycher deslavye ¹¹³ fedde.

¹¹³ Letchery.

Swythynne

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 153

Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further faie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
Yee feynctes ! & shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde, 1050
And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the
thynges ?

Lett mee be gone—alle curfes onne thie hedde !

Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge !

Lette me be gone, thou manne of fable harte !

Or welkyn ¹¹⁴ & her starres wyll take a maydens
parte. 1055

C E L M O N D E.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte ;
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as stele ;
The merkye seefonne wylle your blosches hylte ¹¹⁵.

B I R T H A.

Holpe, holpe, yee feynctes ! oh thatte mie blodde was
spylte ! 1060

¹¹⁴ heaven.

¹¹⁵ hide.

C E L M O N D E.

The feynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.
 Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.
 Unto mie wysche bee kinde, & nete alse hede.

B I R T H A.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder
 heare. 1065

Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

H U R R A.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.
 I kenn hem; saie, who are you, yatte bee theere?

C E L M O N D E.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 155

H U R R A.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

B I R T H A.

Save mee, oh! save mee from thys royner heere! 1070

H U R R A.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name & londe;
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

C E L M O N D E.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous ¹¹⁶ honde.

H U R R A.

Befette hym rounde, yee Danes.

C E L M O N D E.

Comme onne, and see

Gyff mie stryng anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075

[*Fyghte al anenste Celmonde, meynthe Danes he sleath,
and falet to Hurra.*]

¹¹⁶ Furious.

C E L-

C E L M O N D E.

Oh! I forslagen ¹¹⁷ be! ye Danes, now kenne,
 I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forsege youre menne;
 I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne nyghte;—
 To her be kynde. [Dieth.

H U R R A.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1080
 Saie, who bee you?

B I R T H A.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

H U R R A.

Ah!

B I R T H A.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,
 Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

¹¹⁷ slain.

Big

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 157

Bie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,
From ewbryce ¹¹⁸ you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal
woe. 1085

H U R R A.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090
Forslagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie fed, & wysched hym bytter
dome. 1095

B I R T H A.

Mercie!

H U R R A.

Bee styllle.

¹¹⁸ Adultery.

Botte

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
 Whanne wee are spente, he foundethe the forloynē;
 The captyves chayne he toffieth ynne the ayre,
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne;
 Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne? 1100
 You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian felde,
 Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-
 dyng shielde.

Whanne you, as caytysned, yn felde dyd bee,
 Hee oathed you to bee styllē, & strayte dydd sette you
 free. 1105

Scalle wee forstege ¹¹⁹ hys wyfe, because he's brave?
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare?
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
 Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere, 1110
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
 Sweste to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
 Bewryne oure case, and to oure waie be gone?

¹¹⁹ Slay.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 159

The last you do approve ; so lette ytte bee ;
Damoyselle, comme awaie ; you safe scalle bee wythe
mee. 1115

B I R T H A.

Al bleffynges maie the feynctes unto yee gyve !
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte livynges
bee !
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe & sea,
O Celmonde ! I maie deftlie rede bie thee, 1120
Whatte ille betydeþe the enfouled kynde ;
Maie ne thie cros-stone ¹²⁰ of thie cryme bewree !
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde !
Soldyer ! for fyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

H U R R A.

The mornynge 'gyns' alonge the Easte to sheene ;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie ;
The feynthe rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the greene,
Toe chase the merkyness of nyghte awaie ;

¹²⁰ Monument.

Swifte

Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the
daie ;

1130

The fofte dewe falleth onne the greeynge graffe ;

The fhepfter mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,

Scante ¹²¹ fees her vyfage yn the wavië glaffe ;

Bië the fulle daylieghte wee fcalfe Ælla fee,

Or Bryftowes wallyd towne ; damoyfelle, followe
mee.

1135

¹²¹ Scarce.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 161

A T B R Y S T O W E.

Æ L L A A N D S E R V I T O U R E S.

Æ L L A.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laſte
nyghte

To have been heere; mie ſtede han notte mie love;

Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,

Whylſte I goe oppe, & wake mie ſlepeynge dove.

Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I ſhal goe above. 1140

Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie ſpryte,

Thie ſmyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle prove;

Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee fette aryghte.

Egwina, haſte, & ope the portalle doore,

Yatte I on Birtha's breſte maie thynke of warre ne
more. 1145

M

Æ L L A.

Æ L L A, E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Oh Ælla!

Æ L L A.

Ah! that femmlykeene to me
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

E G W I N A.

Birtha is—

Æ L L A.

Whatt? where? how? faie, whatte of shee?

E G W I N A.

Gone—

Æ L L A.

Gone! ye goddes!

E G W I N A

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 163

E G W I N A.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee feynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

Æ L L A.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

E G W I N A.

I will.

Æ L L A.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie,

Where ys shee? fwythynne speeke, or instante thou
shalte die. 1155

E G W I N A.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

Æ L L A.

Oh! speek.

M. 2. E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heauey rayne,
 Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,
 Her love the gare, thatte gave her hearte fyke peyne—

Æ L L A.

Her love! to whomme?

E G W I N A.

To thee, her spouſe alleyn¹²². 1160
 As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd ſeere¹²³,
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie
 whcere. 1165

Æ L L A.

Thou lyeſt, foul hagge! thou lyeſt; thou art her
 ayde
 To chere her louſte;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

¹²² Only, alone.¹²³ Search.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 165

E G W I N A.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace fwythyn, thanne mee flea.

Æ L L A.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee foe; I see, 1170
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste bee foe—oh! how ytt wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, & brondeous storm, & tempeste comme;
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote mie
domme. 1175

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to faie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name & place addresse;

M 3

Downe

Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the
reste

1180

I ken ne matter; so, mie homage made—

Æ L L A.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.

Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onne mie benned ¹²⁴ headde I hanne been Ælla
styllle.

1185

Thys alleyn was unburled ¹²⁵ of alle mie spryte;
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce ¹²⁶
wynde,

Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.

Mie hommeur yette somme drybplet joie maie
fynde,

1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie rennome ¹²⁷ & mie peace ys rynde,
Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;

¹²⁴ Cursed, tormented.¹²⁵ unarmed.¹²⁶ soft, gentle.¹²⁷ renown.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 167

Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195
[*Stabbeth hys breste.*]

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

Æ L L A.

Be styll: flythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle. *sayth*
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle:
[*Knelle ryngeth.*]

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Æ L L A.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle. 1200
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!

M 4

Botte

Botte, ah ! shee maie be fayre.

E G W I N A.

Yatte shee moste bee

Æ L L A.

Ah ! faie notte foe ; yatte worde woulde Ælla [dobblic
see.

1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,
BIRTHA, HURRA.

Æ L L A.

Ah ! Birtha here !

B I R T H A.

Whatte dynne ys thys ? whatte menes yis leathalle
knelle ?

Where ys mie Ælla ? speeke ; where ? howe ys hee ?
Oh Ælla ! art thou yanne alyve and welle !

Æ L L A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 169

Æ L L A.

I lyve yndeedy botte doe notte lyve for thee.

B I R T H A.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

Æ L L A.

Here mie meneynge fee. 1210

This foulness urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes ²²⁸.

B I R T H A.

Ytte hathe unspryed mee.

Æ L L A.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

²²⁸ Un-souls.

H U R R A.

H U R R A.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to
thee. 1215

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burled fwayne;
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiselle foughte to be here agayne; 1220
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

C O E R N I K E.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes could
Ælla feare? 1225

B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 171

B I R T H A.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere:
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste,
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste, 1230
To Watchette towne, where you deceasyng laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preste,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie;
The Danes—

Æ L L A.

Oh! I die contente.—

[*dieth.*

B I R T H A.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?

O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal
bedde. 1235

[*Birtha feynēteth.*

C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt? Ælla deade! & Birtha dyyng toe!
Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.

Who

Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe,
 Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?
 Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne; 1240
 For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was losse.
 Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,
 A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;
 Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
 Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge
 of thee. 1245

T H E E N D E.

G O D D W Y N;

G O D D W Y N;

A T R A G E D I E.

By THOMAS ROWLEIE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE,	bie <i>T. Rowleie</i> , the Auſthoure.
GODDWYN,	bie <i>Johan de Iſcamme</i> .
ELWARDE,	bie Syrr <i>Thybbot Gorges</i> .
ALSTAN,	bie Syrr <i>Alan de Vere</i> .
KYNGE EDWARDE,	bie Maſtre <i>Willyam Canynge</i> .

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnſtrells*.

P R O L O G U E,

Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOMME¹ bie pensmenne² moke³ ungentle⁴
name

Have upon Goddwyne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge⁵ hymme of faie⁶ and fame;
Unliart⁷ divinistres⁸ haveth faide,

Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie⁹ wurde¹⁰; 5
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne¹¹ the church.

The auethoure¹² of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte¹³ a clergyon¹⁴, trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawyng of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn¹⁵ a kyng mote¹⁶ bee full pleased to nyghte. 10
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champion¹⁷ anie onne.

¹ Of old, formerly. ² writers, historians. ³ much. ⁴ inglorious.
⁵ bereaving. ⁶ faith. ⁷ unforgiving. ⁸ divines, clergymen, monks.
⁹ holy. ¹⁰ work. ¹¹ not. ¹² author. ¹³ though, notwithstanding.
¹⁴ clerk, or clergyman. ¹⁵ entyn, even. ¹⁶ might. ¹⁷ challenge.

GODDWYN;

G O D D W Y N ; A T R A G E D I E .

G O D D W Y N A N D H A R O L D E .

G O D D W Y N .

H A R O L D E !

H A R O L D E .

Mie loverde ¹⁸ !

G O D D W Y N .

O ! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen ¹⁹ riseth to ifrete ²⁰ the londe.
Theie batten ²¹ onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude
dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roical honde.

¹⁸ Lord. ¹⁹ foes, enemies. ²⁰ devour, destroy. ²¹ fatten.

H A R O L D E .

H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agrement²² blyn²³, ne aledge²⁴ stonde; 5
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:
 Am I betrayed²⁵, fyke²⁶ shulde mie burlye²⁷ bronde
 Depeyncte²⁸ the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie spryte²⁹ ful welle; gentle thou art,
 Stringe³⁰, ugsomme³¹, rou³², as smethynge³³ armyes
 seeme; 10
 Yett este³⁴, I feare, thie chefes³⁵ toe grete a parte,
 And that thie rede³⁶ bee este borne downe bie breme³⁷.
 What tydynges from the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge³⁸ trayne.

²² Grievance; a sense of it. ²³ cease, be still, ²⁴ idly.
²⁵ deceived, imposed on. ²⁶ so. ²⁷ fury, anger, rage.
²⁸ paint, display. ²⁹ soul. ³⁰ strong. ³¹ terrible.
³² horrid, grim. ³³ smoking, bleeding. ³⁴ oft. ³⁵ heat, rashness.
³⁶ counsel, wisdom. ³⁷ strength, also strong. ³⁸ taudry, glimmering.

G O D D W Y N.

Ah Harolde ! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15
 To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.
 What tydyngge withe the foulke ³⁹ ?

H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap ⁴⁰, stylle toe the
 kyngge
 Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a forgie sea.
 Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a
 styngge ? 20
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee ?

G O D D W Y N.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

H A R O L D E.

No, we muste streve to ayde oureselves wyth powre.
 Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde ! tis fetelie ⁴¹ prayde.

³⁹ People.⁴⁰ fate, destiny.⁴¹ nobly.

Moste we those calke ⁴² awaie the lyve-longe howre? ²⁵
 Thos croche ⁴³ oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne⁴⁴,
 Unburled ⁴⁵, undelievre ⁴⁶, unespryte ⁴⁷?
 Far fro mie harte be fled thyk ⁴⁸ thoughte of peyne,
 Ile free mie countrie, or Ile die yn fyghte.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte lette us wayte untill the somme season fyttē. ³⁰
 Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;
 Adented ⁴⁹ prowess ⁵⁰ to the gite ⁵¹ of witte,
 Agayne the argent ⁵² horse shall daunce yn skies.
 Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge ⁵³ wanhope ⁵⁴
 lies.
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blesse ⁵⁵. ³⁵
 Whylste Edward to thie sonnes wyllē nete alyse ⁵⁶,
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe ⁵⁷?
 Upponne the trone ⁵⁸ I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
 Botte oh! twere homage nowe to pyghte ⁵⁹ thee downe.

⁴² Cast. ⁴³ cross, from crouche, a cross. ⁴⁴ attempt, or endeavour.
⁴⁵ unarmed. ⁴⁶ unactive. ⁴⁷ unspirited. ⁴⁸ such. ⁴⁹ fastened, annexed.
⁵⁰ might, power. ⁵¹ mantle, or robe. ⁵² white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent. ⁵³ distracting.
⁵⁴ despair. ⁵⁵ bleed. ⁵⁶ allow. ⁵⁷ ease. ⁵⁸ throne. ⁵⁹ pluck.

Thou arte all preeſte, & notheynge of the kyng. 40
 Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.
 Know, ytte beſeies ⁶⁰ thee notte a maſſe to ſynge;
 Servynge thie leegefolcke ⁶¹ thou arte ſervynge Godde.

H A R O L D E.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a ſervyce. To the ſkyes
 The dailie contekes ⁶² of the londe aſcende. 45
 The wyddowe, ſahdreleſſe, & bondemennes cries
 Acheke ⁶³ the mokie ⁶⁴ aire & heaven aſtende ⁶⁵.
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
 Hancelled ⁶⁶ from erthe theſe Normanne ⁶⁷ hyndes
 ſhalle bee;
 Lyche a battently ⁶⁸ low ⁶⁹, mie ſwerde ſhalle
 brende ⁷⁰; 50
 Lyche fallynge ſofte rayne droppes, I wyll hem ⁷¹ flea ⁷²;
 Wee wayte too longe; our purpoſe wylle defayte ⁷³;
 Aboune ⁷⁴ the hyghe empryze ⁷⁵, & rouze the cham-
 pyones ſtrayte.

⁶⁰ Becomes. ⁶¹ ſubjects. ⁶² contentions, complaints. ⁶³ choke.
⁶⁴ dark, cloudy. ⁶⁵ aſtoniſh. ⁶⁶ cut off, deſtroyed. ⁶⁷ ſlaves.
⁶⁸ loud roaring. ⁶⁹ flame of fire. ⁷⁰ burn, conſume. ⁷¹ them.
⁷² flay. ⁷³ decay. ⁷⁴ make ready. ⁷⁵ enterprize.

G O D D W Y N.

Thie fuster —

H A R O L D E.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.

Albeytte ⁷⁶, dyd shee speeke her foemen ⁷⁷ fayre, 55

I wulde dequace ⁷⁸ her comlie femlykeene ⁷⁹,

And foulde mie bloddie anlace ⁸⁰ yn her hayre.

G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir ⁸¹ blyn ⁸²,

H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal ⁸³ mere ⁸⁴,

Upriste ⁸⁵ withe hiltrene ⁸⁶ wyndes & cause unkend ⁸⁷,

Beheste ⁸⁸ it to be lete ⁸⁹; so twylle appeare, 60

Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.

⁷⁶ Notwithstanding.

⁷⁷ foes.

⁷⁸ mangle, destroy.

⁷⁹ beauty, countenance.

⁸⁰ an ancient sword.

⁸¹ fury. ⁸² cease.

⁸³ deadly. ⁸⁴ lake.

⁸⁵ swollen.

⁸⁶ hidden.

⁸⁷ unknown.

⁸⁸ command. ⁸⁹ still.

The gule-ſteynct ⁹⁰ brygandyne ⁹¹, the adventayle ⁹²,
The feerie anlace ⁹³ brede ⁹⁴ ſhal make mie gare ⁹⁵ pre-
vayle.

G O D D W Y N.

Harolde, what wuldeſt doe?

H A R O L D E.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites ⁹⁵ unfree, 65
Here liethe Normans coupynge ⁹⁶ her bie lotte,
Caltſfnyng ⁹⁷ everich native plante to gre ⁹⁸,
Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous ⁹⁹ wulde hem
ſlee ¹;
Tare owte theyre ſable harte bie ryghtefulle breme ²;
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe ſhulde bee, 70
Mie ſpryte ſhulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde ſtreme.
Eftſoones I wyll bewryne ³ mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace ⁴ wielde yn furie dyre.

⁹⁰ Red-ſtained. ⁹¹ ⁹² parts of armour. ⁹³ broad. ⁹⁴ cauſe.
⁹⁵ rights, liberties. ⁹⁶ cutting, mangling. ⁹⁷ forbidding. ⁹⁸ grow.
⁹⁹ furious. ¹ ſlay. ² ſtrength. ³ declare. ⁴ ſword.

G O D D W Y N.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster ⁵ hym ordeyne; 75

Sette uppe som dygner ⁶ than I han pyghte ⁷ downe;

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd ⁸ agayne.

G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie ⁹ seyncte kynge reygne,

Ande somme moe reded ¹⁰ rule the untentyff ¹¹
reaulme;

Kynge Edward, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne 80

To yelde the spoiles, and alleyn were the heaulme:

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,

Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

⁵ Monastery. ⁶ more worthy. ⁷ pulled, plucked. ⁸ displayed.
⁹ over-righteous. ¹⁰ counfelled, more wise. ¹¹ uncareful, neglected.

H A R O L D E.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle bouthe ytte strayte ;
 Bete ¹² mee to flea ¹³ myself, ytte shalle be done. 85

G O D D W Y N.

To thee I wylle swythynne ¹⁴ the menes unplayte ¹⁵,
 Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie
 sonne.
 I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,
 Whatte agrames ¹⁶ braunce ¹⁷ out from the general
 tree ;
 The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock ¹⁸ gron ¹⁹ 90
 Drented ²⁰ of alle yts swolyng ²¹ owndes ²² shalle bee ;
 Mie remedie is goode ; our menne shall ryse ;
 Eftsoons the Normans and owre agrame ²³ flies.

H A R O L D E.

I will to the West, and gemote ²⁴ alle mie knyghtes,
 Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as
 brede ²⁵ 95

¹² Bid, command. ¹³ flay. ¹⁴ presently. ¹⁵ explain.
¹⁶ grievances. ¹⁷ branch. ¹⁸ wet, moist. ¹⁹ fen, moor.
²⁰ drained. ²¹ swelling. ²² waves. ²³ grievance. ²⁴ assemble.
²⁵ broad.

As the ybroched²⁶ moon, when blaunch²⁷ she dyghtes²⁸
 The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the dough-
 tieft²⁹ blede,
 Who este have knelte upon forslagen³⁰ foes,
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests³¹ a castle-stede³², 100
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke³³ yiere woes;
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; 105
 The moe wee gayne, the gare³⁴ wylle prosper beste,
 Wythe syke a number wee can never fall.

H A R O L D E.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
 And alle attenes³⁵ the spreddyng kyngedomme
 bynde.

²⁶ Horned. ²⁷ white. ²⁸ decks. ²⁹ mightiest, most valiant.
³⁰ slain. ³¹ oversets. ³² a castle. ³³ revenge. ³⁴ cause.
³⁵ at once.

No crouched ³⁶ champyone wythe an harte moe
feygne 100

Dyd yssue owte the hallie ³⁷ swerde to fynde,
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115
When wylle the chieffes mete atte thie feastive halle,
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle!

G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie sonne.

H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste die.
Thie geason ³⁸ wronges bee reyne ³⁹ ynto theyre
pryme; 120
Nowe wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.
Alyche a storm egederinge ⁴⁰ yn the skie,
Tys fulle ande brasteth ⁴¹ on the chaper ⁴² grounde;

³⁶ One who takes up the cross in order to fight against the Saracens.
³⁷ holy. ³⁸ rare, extraordinary, strange. ³⁹ run, shot up.
⁴⁰ assembling, gathering, ⁴¹ bursteth. ⁴² dry, barren.

A T R A G E D I E. 187

Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans fle,
And alle theyre mittee ⁴³ menne be fleene ⁴⁴
arounde. 125

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele ⁴⁵ shal
calle.

⁴³ Mighty.

⁴⁴ slain.

⁴⁵ help.

K Y N G E

K Y N G E E D W A R D E A N D H Y S Q U E E N E .

Q U E E N E .

BOTTE, loverde ⁴⁶, whie so manie Normannes here?
 Mee thynckethe wee bee norte yn Englyshe londe.
 These browded ⁴⁷ straungers alwaie doe appere, 130
 Theie parte yor trone ⁴⁸, and sete at your ryghte
 honde.

K Y N G E .

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde :
 Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie ⁴⁹ kepe ;
 Theie dyd mee feest, and did embowre ⁵⁰ me gronde ;
 To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe. 135

⁴⁶ Lord. ⁴⁷ embroidered ; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not
 used in England till Hen. II. ⁴⁸ throne. ⁴⁹ person, body,
⁵⁰ lodge.

Q U E E N E .

QUEENE.

Mancas ⁵¹ you have yn store, and to them parte;
 Youre leege-folcke ⁵² make moke ⁵³ dole ⁵⁴, you have
 theyr worthe asterte ⁵⁵.

K Y N G E.

I heste ⁵⁶ no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
 Hallie ⁵⁷ dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele ⁵⁸.
 Theyre volundes ⁵⁹ are ystorven ⁶⁰ to self endes; 140
 No denwere ⁶¹ yn mie breste I of them fele:
 I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;
 Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele ⁶²,
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie. 145

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe homage heaven-were ⁶³;
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

⁵¹ Marks. ⁵² subjects. ⁵³ much. ⁵⁴ lamentation.
⁵⁵ neglected, or passed by. ⁵⁶ require, ask. ⁵⁷ holy. ⁵⁸ help.
⁵⁹ will. ⁶⁰ dead. ⁶¹ doubt. ⁶² waves.
⁶³ heaven-ward, or God-ward.

K Y N G E

KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

K Y N G E.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

H U G H E.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente ⁶⁴;
The hus dyspenſe ⁶⁵ unpaied doe appere; 150
The laſte receivure ⁶⁶ ys eſteſoones ⁶⁷ diſpente ⁶⁸.

K Y N G E.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

HUGH E.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte⁶⁹ Erle Harolde of the thyng ;
He rayfed hys honde, and smoke me onne the cheke,
Saieyng, go beare thatte message to the kynge. 155

⁶⁴ Purse, used here probably as a treasury. ⁶⁵ expence.
⁶⁶ receipt. ⁶⁷ foen. ⁶⁸ expended. ⁶⁹ a contradiction of mighty.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Arace ⁷⁰ hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies fwerde.

H U G H E.

Atte feeson fyttē, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe foe enalfe ⁷¹ hys name,
Inne strevvyngē to flea hymme, ourselves wee flea; ¹⁶⁰
Syke ys the doughtyness ⁷² of hys grete fame.

K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede ⁷³ ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle store of marckes yn
Kente.

H U G H E.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same;
He sweeres he wyllē notte swelle the Normans ent. ¹⁶⁵

⁷⁰ Divest. ⁷¹ embrace, ⁷² mightiness. ⁷³ counsel.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Ah traytoure ! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the
 launde.

Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyſche erle doe bere
 Such ſtedneſs ⁷⁴ in the yll and evylle thyng,
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere ⁷⁵, 170
 Onknowlachynge ⁷⁶ gif thereunto to clynge.

H U G H E.

Onwordie fyke a marvell ⁷⁷ of a kynge !
 O Edward, thou deſerveſt purer leege ⁷⁸ ;
 To thee heie ⁷⁹ ſhulden al theire mancas brynge ;
 Thie nodde ſhould ſave menne, and thie glomb ⁸⁰
 forſlege ⁸¹. 175
 I amme no curriedowe ⁸², I lacke no wite ⁸³,
 I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all ſee is
 ryghte.

⁷⁴ Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. ⁷⁵ doubt, ſuſpenſe. ⁷⁶ not knowing.
⁷⁷ wonder. ⁷⁸ homage, obeyſance. ⁷⁹ they. ⁸⁰ frown. ⁸¹ kill.
⁸² curriedowe, flatterer. ⁸³ reward.

K Y N G E.

A T R A G E D I E. 193

K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie ⁸⁴ manne, I doe thee pryze.

Comme, comme, and here and hele ⁸⁵ mee ynn mie
praires.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife ⁸⁶, 180

And twayne of hamlettes ⁸⁷ to thee and thie heyres.

Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,

Theie alleyn ⁸⁸ have fyke love as to acquyre yer
bredde.

⁸⁴ holy. ⁸⁵ help. ⁸⁶ allow. ⁸⁷ manors. ⁸⁸ alone.

O

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

WHAN Freedom, dresse yn blodde-steyned veste,
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe funge, 185
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde ;
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;
 She hearde the voice of deathe ;
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue, 190
 In vayne assayled ¹ her bosomme to acale ² ;
 She hearde onflemmed ³ the shriekynge voice of woe,
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burled ⁴ speere,
 On hie she jested ⁵ her sheelde, 195
 Her foemen ⁶ all appere,
 And flizze ⁷ alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod ⁸ straught ⁹ ynto the skyes,
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

¹ Endeavoured. ² freeze. ³ undismayed. ⁴ armed, pointed.
⁵ hoisted on high, raised. ⁶ foes, enemies. ⁷ fly. ⁸ head.
⁹ stretched.

Alyche ¹⁰ twaie ¹¹ brendeynge ¹² gronfyres ¹³ rolls hys
eyes, 200

Chaftes ¹⁴ with hys yronne fecte and foundes to war.

She fytted upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys fpeere,

She ryfes from the fhocke,

Wioldyng her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe fhe drive ytte on,

Wytted fcillye ¹⁵ wyped ¹⁶ gies ¹⁷ ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe fharpe fpeere, hys fpreddyng fheelde ys
gon,

He falles, and fallyng rolleth thoufandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld ¹⁸,
arift ¹⁹, 210

Hys feerie heaulme ²⁰ noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ftreynynge fyfte—

* * * * *

¹⁰ Like ¹¹ two. ¹² flaming. ¹³ meteors. ¹⁴ beats, ftamps.
¹⁵ clofely. ¹⁶ mantled, covered. ¹⁷ guides. ¹⁸ armed. ¹⁹ arofe.
²⁰ helmet.

ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. R O W L E I E.

B O O K E Ist^r.

WHANNE Scythyanes, saluage as the wolves
theie chace,

Peyncted in horrowe ² formes bie nature dyghte,

Heckled ³ yn beastfkyngs, slepte uponne the waste,

And wyth the morneyng rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,

Swepte as descendeynge lemes ⁴ of roddie lyghte 5

Plonged to the hulfred ⁵ bedde of laveyng seas,

Gerd ⁶ the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets ⁷

twighte ⁸,

And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,

Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred

deffs ⁹,

That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched ¹⁰ clefs. 10

¹ I will endeavour to get the remainder of these poems.

² unseemly, disagreeable. ³ wrapped. ⁴ rays. ⁵ hidden, secret.

⁶ broke, rent. ⁷ small pieces. ⁸ pulled, rent. ⁹ vapours, meteors.

¹⁰ emblaunched.

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles ¹¹
 The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere;
 An uncouth ¹² denwere ¹³ to their bosomme steles;
 Theyre myghte ys knopped ¹⁴ ynne the froste of fere.
 The headed javlyn liffeth ¹⁵ here and there; 15
 Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne;
 The shyppes sayle, boleynge ¹⁶ wythe the kyndelie
 ayre,

Ronneth to harbour from the beateyng bryne;
 Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stonde
 A burled ¹⁷ Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaen sweerde yn
 honde. 20

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres ¹⁸, whose
 swerdes
 Glestred lyke gledeyng ¹⁹ starres ynne frostie nete,
 Hayleyng theyre capytayne in chirckynge ²⁰ wordes
 Kyng of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.
 The greete kyng Brutus thanne theie dyd hym
 greete, 25

Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;

¹¹ Ridges, rising waves. ^{12, 13} unknown tremour.
¹⁴ fastened, chained, congealed. ¹⁵ boundeth. ¹⁶ swelling.
¹⁷ armed. ¹⁸ companions. ¹⁹ livid. ²⁰ a confused noise.

198 ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS:

Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
 As fleaynge cloudes that fwymme before the fyghte;
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,
 Theie uncted ²¹ Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns
 fwaie.

30

Twayne of twelve years han lemed ²² up the myndes,
 Leggende ²³ the salvage unthewes ²⁴ of theire breste,
 Improved in mysterk ²⁵ warre, and lymmed ²⁶ theyre
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.

Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was posselt

35

Of fwaie, and vested yn the paramente ²⁷;

Halceld ²⁸ the bykrous ²⁹ Huns, who dyd infeste

Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intende;

As hys broade fwerde oer Homberres heade was
 honge,

He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled
 alonge.

40

He wedded Gendolyne of roical fede,

Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade;

²¹ Anointed. ²² enlightened. ²³ alloyed. ²⁴ savage barbarity.
²⁵ mytic. ²⁶ polished. ²⁷ a princely robe. ²⁸ defeated. ²⁹ warring.

Bloufhing,

Blouſhing, alyche ³⁰ the ſcarlette of herr wede,
 She ſonke to pleaſaunce on the marryage bedde.
 Eftſoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde; 45
 Elſtrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her ſhedde,
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
 The mornynge tyng, the roſe, the lillie floure,
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peyncte theyre
 powere, 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love;
 Theie lyved ſoft momentes to a ſwotie ³¹ age;
 Eft ³² wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre diſporte engage;
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng fage ³³, 55
 Croppe the prymroſen floure to decke theyre headde;
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
 Gemoted ³⁴ warriours to bewrecke ³⁵ her bedde;
 Theie roſe; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene;
 The faire Elſtrida fledde from the enchaſed ³⁶ queene. 60

³⁰ Like.³¹ ſweet.³² oft.³³ a tale.³⁴ aſſembled.³⁵ revenge.³⁶ heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
 Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
 Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
 To where the Western mittee ³⁷ pyles of claie 65
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
 There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch ³⁸
 and gear;

Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn re-
 grate ³⁹. 70

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng ⁴⁰
 skies,

To flea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte ⁴¹,
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele ⁴² emprize ⁴³.
 Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn
 nyghte,

³⁷ Mighty. ³⁸ apparel. ³⁹ esteem, favour. ⁴⁰ glittering.
⁴¹ fettled. ⁴² help. ⁴³ adventure.

Stepte over cytties, on meint ⁴⁴ acres lies,
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte;
 Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye ⁴⁵,
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elfrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
 Harried ⁴⁶ uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde ⁴⁷,
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne fle.
 The flying wolfynnes fente a yelleynge crie; 85
 Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;
 Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the purple
 founte,
 On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,
 Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed ⁴⁸
 rylle. 90

The goddes, who kenned the aetyons of the wyghte,
 To leggen ⁴⁹ the fadde happe of twayne so fayre,
 Houton ⁵⁰ dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,

⁴⁴ Many. ⁴⁵ guide. ⁴⁶ tost. ⁴⁷ astonish. ⁴⁸ glassy, reflecting.
⁴⁹ lessen, alloy. ⁵⁰ hollow.

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare ⁵¹; 95
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stons,
 Eche fyde the ryver ryfynghe heavenwere;
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
 So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
 Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's
 ywrynde ⁵². 100

The bawfyn ⁵³ gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped ⁵⁴;
 Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynghe lee,
 The roddie levynne ⁵⁵ glesterd on hys headde:
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade; 105
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie ⁵⁶ payne;
 Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes ⁵⁷ were
 fed,
 He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
 Styllle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
 hyghte. 110

⁵¹ Bewildered, curious. ⁵² hid, covered, ⁵³ huge, bulky.
⁵⁴ dispatched. ⁵⁵ red lightning. ⁵⁶ cruel. ⁵⁷ flames, rays.

F I N I S.

A N

AN EXCELENTE BALADE
OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY¹,
1464.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees² did caste his raie;
The apple rodded³ from its palie greene,
And the mole⁴ peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri⁵ funge the livelong daie; 5
Twas now the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte⁶ in its mose deste⁷
aumere⁸.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken⁹ blue,

¹ Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. ² meads. ³ reddened, ripened. ⁴ soft. ⁵ pied goldfinch. ⁶ drest, arayed. ⁷ neat, ornamental. ⁸ a loose robe or mantle. ⁹ the sky, the atmosphere.

When

204 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

When from the sea arift ¹⁰ in drear arraie 10
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
 Hiltring ¹¹ attenes ¹² the funnis fetive ¹³ face,
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side, 15
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent ¹⁴ lede,
 A haples pilgrim moneynge did abide,
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle ¹⁵ in his weede,
 Longe bretful ¹⁶ of the miseries of neede,
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer ¹⁷ flie? 20
 He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed ¹⁸ face, his sprighte there scanne;
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd ¹⁹, deade!

¹⁰ Arose. ¹¹ hiding, shrouding. ¹² at once. ¹³ beauteous.
¹⁴ It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. ¹⁵ beggarly.
¹⁶ filled with. ¹⁷ beggar. ¹⁸ clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. Glum-mong in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. ¹⁹ dry, sapless.

Haste to thie church-glebe-house ²⁰, afshrewed ²¹
manne!

Haste to thie kiste ²², thie onlie dortoure ²³ bedde. 25

Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,

Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;

Knightis and Barons live for pleafure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;

The forswat ²⁴ meadowes smethe ²⁵; and drenche ²⁶ the
raine; 30

The comyng ghaftnefs do the cattle pall ²⁷,

And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;

Dafhde from the cloudes the waters flott ²⁸ againe;

The welkin opes; the yellow levynne ²⁹ flies; 35

And the hot fierie fmothe ³⁰ in the wide lowings ³¹
dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge ³² found

Cheves ³³ flowlie on, and then embollen ³⁴ clangs,

²⁰ The grave.

²¹ accursed, unfortunate.

²² coffin.

²³ a sleeping room.

²⁴ sun-burnt.

²⁵ smoke.

²⁶ drink.

²⁷ *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright.

²⁸ fly.

²⁹ lightning.

³⁰ steam, or vapours.

³¹ flames.

³² noisy.

³³ moves.

³⁴ swelled, strengthened.

206 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
 Still on the gallard ³⁵ eare of terroure hanges;
 The windes are up; the lofty elmen fwanges; 40
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
 And the full cloudes are brafte ³⁶ attenes in stonen
 showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
 His chapournette ³⁷ was drented with the reine, 45
 And his pencte ³⁸ gyrdle met with mickle shame;
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll ³⁹ at the same;
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
 With the mist ⁴⁰ almes craver neere to the holme to
 bide.

His cope ⁴¹ was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
 His autremete ⁴² was edged with golden twynne;

³⁵ Frighted. ³⁶ burst. ³⁷ a small round hat, not unlike the
 shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.
³⁸ painted. ³⁹ He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression
 to signify cursing. ⁴⁰ poor, needy. ⁴¹ a cloke. ⁴² a loose white
 robe, worn by Priests.

And

And his shoone pyke a loverds ⁴³ mighte have binne ;
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne :
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his fighte, 55
 For the horse-millanare ⁴⁴ his head with roses dighte.

An almes, sir prieste ! the droppynge pilgrim faide,
 O ! let me waite within your covente dore,
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer ; 60
 Helplefs and ould am I alas ! and poor ;
 No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche ;
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne ;
 This is no season almes and prayers to give ; 65
 Mie porter never lets a faitour ⁴⁵ in ;
 None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did
 ftryve,
 And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
 The Abbatte spurde his steede, and eftsoones roadde
 awaie. 70

⁴³ A lord. ⁴⁴ I believe this trade is still in being, though but
 eldom employed. ⁴⁵ a beggar, or vagabond.

208 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
 His cope and jape ⁴⁶ were graie, and eke were clene;
 A Limitoure he was of order seene; 75
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, fir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order fake.
 The Limitoure then loofen'd his pouche threade; 80
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take;
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline ⁴⁷ shake.
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe ⁴⁸ thie care;
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete ⁴⁹ of oure owne we
 bare.

But ah! unhailie ⁵⁰ pilgrim, lerne of me, 85
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
 Here take my femecope ⁵¹, thou arte bare I see;

⁴⁶ A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. ⁴⁷ joy. ⁴⁸ ease. ⁴⁹ nought. ⁵⁰ unhappy.
⁵¹ a short under-cloke.

Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure ⁵²,
Or give the mittee ⁵³ will, or give the gode man power.

⁵² Glory.

⁵³ mighty, rich.

P

BATTLE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N^o 1.]

O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,
 How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
 In fyghtyng for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
 Al sleyne in-Hastynge's feeld in bloudie fyghte.

O sea! our teeming donore han thy floude, 5
 Han anie fructuous entendement,
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
 Before Duke Wylliam's knyghts han hither went;
 Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleigne,
 And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
 Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.

Lordynges,

† O sea-our teeming Donore!

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 211

Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are, 15
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to syng of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.

Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And fcond your mansion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hockride fyghte, 25
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellys affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen spake;
My merrie men, be not caste downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe 35
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
 Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
 Cheer up youre hartes, chafe sorrowe farre awaie,
 Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wylliam to his knyghtes did saie;
 My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
 Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
 Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
 Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte; 45
 Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
 Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
 Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
 The clarions then founded sharpe and shrille;
 Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys saie;
 He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,
 The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
 And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
 His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde; 55
 The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
 The purpel bloude came goushyng to the grounde,
 And at Duke Wylliam's feet he tumbled deade:

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 213

So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wyllyam sawe hys freende sleyn piteouslie, 65
His lovyng freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred :

O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it rayfde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his foundynge arrowe-lede bene sleyn.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive, 75
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste :

So have I seen a ladie-smock foe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night. 80

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
 That in his tender guttes it entered,
 In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
 And downe with flaiten noyse he funken dede.
 Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
 Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
 That Alured coulde not hymself aluste.

85

The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
 And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe. 90

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styll,
 The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
 The Englysh manie dethe-fure dartes did kille,
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
 Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke, 95
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;
 Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.

The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the fame,
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they
 came.

100

Duke

Duke Wylliam drewe agen hys arrowe stryng,
 An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he ;
 The arrowe dauncyng in the ayre dyd syng,
 And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee. *horse of Tosselyn*
 At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare ; 105
 Duke Wylliam stooped to avoyde the blowe ;
 The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow :
 Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,
 It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,
 And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
 But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
 And fell'd the champion to the bloudie grounde.
 Then Doullie myghte his bowestryng drewe, 115
 Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde,
 But Harolde's asenglave stopp'd it as it flewe,
 And it fell bootles on the bloudie grounde.
 Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,
 Death-doyng blade from out the scabard toke. 120

And now the battail closde on everych fyde,
 And face to face appeared the knyghts full brave ;

216 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde,
 And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
 So have I fene two weirs at once give grounde, 125
 White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
 In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking founde,
 Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the funne;
 And when their myghte in burstynge waves is fled,
 Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede. 130

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
 Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
 At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte 135
 Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboc;
 He grond and funken on the place of fyghte,
 O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyl dren tweine,
 Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;
 In England's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,
 He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 217

And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145
Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;
And now with fovrayn Wylliam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, swefte as lyghtnyng, Egelredus fet
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe 155
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine;
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde 165
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And

218 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And at hys fyde the arrowe entered,
 And oute the crymson streame of bloude gan flowe ;
 In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
 And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine. 170

But Egelred, before he funken downe,
 With all his myghte amein his spear besped,
 It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
 And bothe together quicklie funken dede.
 So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange, 175
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
 But when he falls with heaven-peercyng bange
 That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,
 And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
 The stronge and firme should not defame the weake. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
 Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
 And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
 And in the battel he much goode han done ;
 Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near, 185
 For he was yeoman of the bodie guard ;
 And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
 He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward :

True

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 219

True as a shadow to a substant thyng,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the ground,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retretd for to guarde his kynge, 195
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokying crymson bloud was wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde, 205
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useles weede amonge the haie
Amonge the fleine warriours Griel laie. 210

Kynge

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
 And ferlie ryd into the bloudie fyghte ;
 Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
 Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
 Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too, 215
 Efred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
 Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
 Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde ;
 The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
 Stained with Norman bloude their fyghtynge
 speres. 220

As when some ryver with the season raynes
 White fomyng hie doth breke the bridges oft,
 Oerturns the hamlet and all conteins,
 And layeth oer the hylls a muddie soft ;
 So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes, 225
 And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
 And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
 Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde ;
 So who he be that ouphant faeries strike,
 Their foules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke. 230

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 221

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.

Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded, 235

Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.

So was the hope of all the issue gone,

And in one battle fell the fire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.

Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said; 245

I am a cunynge erle, and that can tell;

Then drewe hys swerde, and ghaftlie cut hys hede,

And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,

Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,

It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;

He turned aboute and vilely foute flie;

But

222 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe;
 He rolled on the ground and soon dyd die.
 His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere, 255
 Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
 But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear
 Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
 He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's fyde,
 Myngle their stremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;
 Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
 Now flayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore 265
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
 But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
 It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
 And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
 It's fallen boddie tells you how it stoode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 223

With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground; 275

And was demasing howe to take his life,

When he behynde received a ghaftlie wounde

Gyven by de Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;

Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,

The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe

Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;

And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,

Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.

He held hys trustie swerd against his breste, 285

And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;

And both together then did take their reste,

Their foules from corpes unaknell'd depart;

And both together soughte the unknown shore,

Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,

And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,

Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,

His prooffe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;

And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine, 295

And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;

Mean

224 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Mean while the other erlies on the playne

Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,

Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,

women in mens But manie knyghtes were men in women's geer. 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,

Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode ;

Where Druids, auncient preefts, did ryghtes ordaine,

And in the middle shed the victyms bloude ;

Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge 305

Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,

And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,

Wreck'd all hys shyping on the Brittish coaste,

And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,

'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renomed than before,

(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)

The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore,

Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.

Tho' Chrystians, styll they thoghte mouche of the
pile, 315

And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede ;

'Twas

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 225

'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede ;
O Hengist ! han thy cause bin good and true,
Thou wouldst such murderous acts as these eschew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes fleine ;
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine :
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce, 325
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede ;
Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede :
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
Of fodayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple
bloude. 330

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine ;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.
So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone, 335
Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course ;

Q

But

226 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

But better han it bin to lett alone,
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
 The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
 Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde. 340

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
 Advaunced next before the erlie's fyghte;
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
 And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
 Chatillion his trustie sward forth drewe, 345
 The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
 And at eche other vengoussie they flewe,
 As mastie dogs at Hocktide fet to fyghte;
 Bothe scornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to fle,
 Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die. 350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
 Thatt splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;
 Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
 And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
 The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe 355
 Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
 He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
 And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:

Faste

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 227

Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squier then a swerde did flicke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine, 365
Upon Chatillion's foulles corse of claie;
A puddlie streame of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie, 375
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;
It miss'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Q?

Thys

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
 He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
 Quod he; thou'ft flaughtred my beloved squier,
 But I will be revenged for the fame.
 Into his bowels then his launce he thruſte, 385
 And drew thereout a ſteemie drerie lode;
 Quod he; theſe offals are for ever curſt,
 Shall ſerve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
 Then on the pleine the ſteemie lode hee throwde,
 Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymſon
 bloude. 390

Fitz Broque, who ſaw his father killen lie,
 Ah me! ſayde he; what woeful ſyghte I ſee!
 But now I muſt do ſomethyng more than ſighe;
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
 Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte; 495
 Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
 And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
 And out the crymſon ſtreme of bloude 'gan flowe.
 As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
 White ruſhe the burſtyng waves, and roar along the
 weir. 400

The erle with one honde grasped the recer's mayne,
 And with the other he his launce besped;
 And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
 His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
 Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte, 405
 But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
 Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
 Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.

The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
 Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne. 410

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
 And now eletten on another horse,
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
 The coward Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
 As to be fleyen by a wighte so meene.

Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
 'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

230 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Upon du Chatelet he ferfelie fett,
 And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
 The afenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
 The rolyngē bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
 Advauncynge, as a maſtie at a bull, 425
 He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
 From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
 Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
 Cloſe by the Norman champyons he han fleine,
 He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the
 pleine. 430

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with cliniē juſt,
 A launce, that ſtroke Partaie upon the thighe,
 And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duſte;
 Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie ſhalt die.
 With that his launce he enterd at his throte; 435
 He ſcritch'd and ſcreem'd in melancholie mood;
 And at his backe eftſoons came out, God wote,
 And after it a crymſon ſtreme of bloude:
 In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
 While life and dethe ſtrove for the maſterrie, 440

He

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
 And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
 Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
 Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
 But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent, 445
 Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
 And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
 That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
 Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
 Will black theire earthlie name, if not their soule. 450

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
 Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
 And flewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
 Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
 Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455
 With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
 And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,
 Who fange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
 Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
 To blesse his labour, and to heal the same. 460

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on;
 And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;
 And then did say; go, champyon, get agone.
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte;
 His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend,
 The arrow peeced into his noble harte;
 As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
 Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede. 470

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
 Who love of hym han from his country gone,
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
 As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne.
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte, 475
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
 All living creatures flie far from their fyghte,
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen;
 For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,
 Their foules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 480

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
 The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 233

And left behynde their bowe and asenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
His garb sufficient were to meve affryghte; 485
A wolf skyn girded round his myddle was;
A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his shoulders by the claws:
So Hercules, 'tis funge, much like to him,
Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skyn. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-fweste legges he wore
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels, 495
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,
In springing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itt's waie;
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.

Then

234 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle, 505
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
 With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
 Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;
 As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,
 To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
 The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
 And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
 As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe, 515
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vyfage grym;
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;
 And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
 Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more. 520

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
 Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie,
 They turned about, eftsoons upom hym lept,
 And full a score engaged in the fraie.
 Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear, 525
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 235

And wring'd his hedde with fuch a vehement gier,
His vifage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the uselefs gore,
And felle upon the pleine to rife no more. 530

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and feiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more ftronge, 535
And from their fockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blamelefs tonge;
And bothe in peyne and anguifhe eftfoon dies.
As fome rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore
laie. 540

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to affift;
A myghtie fiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel lift.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet, 545
And Ethelbert at Walleris fet his;

And

236 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss :

Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande. 550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward did ypafs ;
The distaunt fyde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie gras.

As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde, 555

The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead ;

Oh shame to Norman armes ! a lord a slave,
A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave ! 560

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek ;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two :
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

* * * * *

BATTLE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N^o 2.]

OH Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
 Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passyng worthe to
 pryze,
 To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe fylver rays, 5
 Leadyng a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
 With look adigne the worlde belowe furveies,
 The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
 She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and
 pryde. 10

With ale and vernage drunk his fouldiers lay;
 Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;

Sad

238 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie !
 This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead !
 Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde ; 15
 Dancyng and heideignes was the onlie theme ;
 Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,
 And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
 Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
 All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and
 praied, 20

Thus Harolde to his wites that stode arounde ;
 Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,
 And searh how farre our foeman's campe doth
 bound ;
 Yourself have rede ; I nede to saie ne more,
 My brother best belov'd of anie ore, 25
 My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
 Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
 And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.
 He saide ; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
 Succes and cheerfulness depicted on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
 And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,
 When

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 239

When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.

He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd ; 35

Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell ;

Girthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burled hyde ;

The proto-flene manne of the fiede he felle ;

Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokyng curles,
Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth
pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mafs-songe came,

Roufd from their praiers by the flotting crie ;

Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the same,

Not once theie floode abafhd, or thoghte to flie.

He feizd a bill, to conquer or to die ; 45

Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,

That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie ;

* Fierce as a ryver burftynge from the borne ;

So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,

And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone
lowe. 50

* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell brafte of erthe fo fierce that it threw
a ftone-mell carrying the fame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this
lefte out o line.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
 Let none edraw his arcublaſter bowe.
 Gyrthe caſ'd his weppone, as he hearde the ſame,
 And vengynge Normannes ſtaid the flyinge floe.
 The fire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye ſo 55
 Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
 Quod Gyrthe; oure meanyng we ne care to ſhowe,
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
 Here ſingle onlie theſe to all thie crewe
 Shall ſhewe what Englyſh handes and heartes can doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen moſt diſtraught;
 In peace and mercy is a Chryſtians pryde;
 He that dothe conteſtes pryze is in a faulte.
 And now the news was to Duke William brought, 65
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
 And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.
 Quod Willyam; thus ſhall Willyam be founde
 A friend to everie manne that treads on Engliſh
 ground. 70

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 241

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;
They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr
last,

And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.

He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd; 75
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;
When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes dyd
found,

Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!

Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?

Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre

In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,

Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfsins rore,

That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,

He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85

Gripes faste hys burled croke, and fore adradde

Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,

And rage and prowels fyres the coistrell lad;

With trustie talbots to the battel flies,

And yell of men and dogs and wolfsins tear the skies. 90

R

Such

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;
 Now here now there the burnysht sheeldes and byll-
 spear shine; 95
 Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
 Eche bracd hys armlace siker ne desygne,
 The crested helmet noddod on the hedde;
 Some caught a slugorne, and an onsett wounde;
 Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the
 founde. 100

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the
 deede. 105
 You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
 Oh shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!

He

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 243

He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head. 110

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd,
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde; 115
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Suffers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie. 120

He faide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one; 125
Soone linked man to man the champyones stooode;
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;

244 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand
fights. 130

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This funnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete, 135
From porte to porte the red-haired Dane he chafd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's coud mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested, 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare; 145
And thus he faide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.

When

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 245

When Toftus fent me golde and fylver ftore,
I fcornd hys prefent vile, and fcornd hys treafon
more. 150

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;
Who can I truft, if brothers are not true?
Ithink of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe faide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll fhewe; 155
By Gods hie hallidome they preeftes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, myftell them fo,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
Quod Harolde; great the foe, fo is the glorie grete. 160

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
And fretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
Firft did a ranke of arcublaftries ftande,
Next thofe on horfebacke drewe the afcendyng flo,
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 165
Theyr afenglave acroffe theyr horfes ty'd,
Or with the loverds fquier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited fquier lyke at the horfes fyde.

249 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth speede, to Harolde haste awaie. 170

Telle hym from me one of these three to take ;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide ; the Monke departyd out of hande, 175
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear ;
Who said ; tell thou the duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the Monke out of his fyghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie
fyghte. 180

A standarde made of fylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This standard ryche, endazzlynge mortal eyes, 185
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empyrize
That straite the best for battle should be spredde.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 247

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and flughornes shake the vaulted
heaven. 190

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darknes hid from human fyghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Braft from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of
lyght; 195

Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change theyr
course. 200

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enseemed one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to fyght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 205
Ne neede of flughornes to enrowse theyr minde;

248 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,
 More feerce than fallynge rocks, more sweeste than
 wynd;
 With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
 One sngle boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on
 fyre.

210

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,
 Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
 Fled with her rosie radiance to the West:
 Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
 Of the bright funne awaytynge spirits leedes: 215
 The funne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
 Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
 And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skie:
 He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
 And stopt his driving steeds, and hid his lyghtsome
 raye.

220

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic rayfd
 His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
 With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
 Then furyouse sent it whyftlynge thro the ayre.

It

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 249

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer ; 225
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie ;
He tumbled, scrityng wyth hys horrid payne ;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne. 230

This Willyam saw, and foundynge Rowlandes fonge
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makyng bothe endes to meet with myghte full
stronge,
From out of mortals fyght shot up the floe ;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 235
It flaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,
Nor losse its force, but stuck into the feelde ;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,
And shotte ten thousande flocs uprysinge in the aire. 240

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In householde armies thro the flanced skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,

Soon

230 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie, 243
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:
 So prone to heaue blowe the arrowes felle,
 And peerd thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven of
 helle. 250

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
 Felte a dire arrowe burnyng in his breste;
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,
 Thenne funke to glorie and eternal reste.
 Neville, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste, 255
 Throw the joint cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
 As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte address'd,
 And sawe hys bloude come smokyng oer the steele;
 He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
 And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche re-
 payre. 260

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
 Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.

Hurld

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 251

Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne, 265
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude ;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude ;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd
end. 270

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande ;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire ;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer ;
Itte whyzzd a ghaftlie dynne in Normannes ear, 275
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte ;
Ah ! what avayld the lyons on his creste !
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was
preft. 280

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,

Onne

Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd affaie, 285
 There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;
 In grypyng torment on the feelde he laie,
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
 Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
 Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges
 torne. 290

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
 He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
 Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 295
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
 Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seieur de Roe,
 And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the
 blowe. 300

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
 And feared muche how farre his bronde might goe,
 Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate
 From twangynge iron sente the fleetyng floe.

As

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 253

As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 305
 Which, han it came, had been Du Roes laste,
 The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Wilyams bowe
 Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
 His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,
 He gryp'd his swerde, and felle upon the place of
 fyghte. 310

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee
 Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
 Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did flee,
 Not Haroldes self did for more praifes call;
 How shall a penne like myne then shew it all? 315
 Lyke thee their leader, eche Bristowyanne foughte;
 Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
 Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
 Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
 Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale
 wounde. 320

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
 Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
 Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,
 Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;

Into

254 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle; 325
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
 In scarlet was his cuisse of sylver dyde:
 Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's ryfing
 ray. 330

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate
 To die the lekedst knyghte of all the thronge!
 His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
 Ne shoulde find a place in anie fonge.
 The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so
 stronge 335
 As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
 Ah! neete awayld the brasse or iron thonge,
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave;
 Fallyng he shooke out his smokyng braine,
 As witherd' oakes or elmes are hewne from off the
 playne. 340

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;
 Couldste

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 255

Couldste thou not kenne, most skylld After la goure, *asir la goure*
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?

When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre, 345
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
It gave thee death and everlastyng fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 350

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,
His soule and bloude came roushyng from the
wounde;

He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest, 355
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Passe bie a penne to be counte or expreste,
How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand. 360

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
Bespreng

256 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and delles ;
 The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees lement ;
 So foughte the Brystowe menne ; ne one crevent, 365
 Ne onne abashtd enthoughten for to flee ;
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee ;
 In vayne on every fyde the arrows fled ;
 The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not
 dead. 370

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe increasd the slayne ;
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
 Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne ;
 But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath slayne, 375
 O Truthe ! for good of after-tymes relate,
 That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve
 agayne,
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate ;
 So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
 And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be. 380

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire
 For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,

Whose

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 257

Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,
 And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
 To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne, 385
 And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
 His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,
 Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;
 Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
 His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes. 390

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
 The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;
 She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
 Who was alreadie hastynge to the grave;
 As the blue Bruton, ryfinge from the wave, 395
 Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
 And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
 Such majestic was in her porte displaid,
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 400

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,

S

Her

258 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Her lippes more redde than summer evenyng
 skyne, 405

Or Phæbus rysinge in a frostie morne,
 Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
 Or new-braсте brooklettes gently whyſpringe in the
 delle. 410

Browne as the fylberte droppying from the shelle,
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
 So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
 Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 415
 Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie,
 Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
 So greie appeard her featly sparklyng eye;
 Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look
 On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday
 book. 420

Majestic as the grove of okes that stode
 Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;

Majestic

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 259

Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where fainctes and foules departed masses synge ;
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 425
At once for reveraunce and love did calle ;
Sweet as the voice of thraflarkes in the Spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle ;
None fell in vayne ; all shewed some entent ;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement. 430

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skyllful mynemenne by the stones above 435
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her foule did shewe ;
Thus was she outward form'd ; the sun her mind
Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms re-
fin'd. 440

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,

260 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
 To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe 445
 The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
 And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doynges blowes he
 delte. 450

As when a wolfsyn gettyng in the meedes
 He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,
 Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
 And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;
 As when a rivlette rolles impetuousslie, 455
 And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,
 Gaynst walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;
 As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
 With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide
 lowe. 460

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
 Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;

Before

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 261

Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leafe,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng flayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne; 465
He cutte hym with his fwerde athur the breaſte;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure ſtayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reſte;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeſte borne awaie,
Stretched in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he
laie. 470

Next thro the ayre he ſent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaſte orbe the ſharpe pheone did peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and ſpente its mighte.
But ſoon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 475
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whiſt lyfe and bloude came iſſuyng from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie fire and mingled with the flaine. 480

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forward to provoke the darte,

S 3

When

262 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
 Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
 He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte, 485
 Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
 But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
 So it came down upon Troyvillains horse;
 Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe;
 Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde
 doth goe. 490

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
 Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,
 Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,
 And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
 Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde, 495
 Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
 Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
 He peercd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
 The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie syghte!
 He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte. 500

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
 A man well skilld in swerde and soundyng stryng,
 3 Who

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 263

Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge 505
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis fle. 510

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes
know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prow;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe, 515
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 520

C O N T I N U E D.

Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
 Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble
 heade,

The hungrie traveller upon his waie
 Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym spreadde,
 The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde, 525
 The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
 Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde
 Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
 Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
 And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie
 bedde. 530

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
 Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
 It ne could be the worke of human handes,
 It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
 Here did the Brutons adoration paye 535
 To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
 2 Dightynge

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 265

Dightyng hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastyng theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame, *regetation*
'Twas here that Hengyft did the Brytons flee,
As they were mette in council for to bee. 540

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyfe, 545
Within this vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A bleffynge to the erthe fente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in fteele he rages yn the fyghte,
And fwepes whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 550

So when derne Autumne wyth hys fallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow ftrande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole felde a carnage-howfe he fees, 555
And fowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he flees,
And fwepes alle neere hym lyke a bronDED floude;

Dethe

266 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Dethe honge upon his arme ; he flect so maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte. 560

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,
Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne 565
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
And dyd disfigure all hys femmlikeen ;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
In hyffynge ocean to make glair hys browes. 570

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman
knyghte,

That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine, 575
Orre Cornysh wraistlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyue,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxannes came ;
There

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 267

There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonne were the sonnes of warre. 580

Oh Turgotte, wherefoer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,
Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke
chaunte,
Orre wyth some mokyng brooklette swetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferselie wythe fers Severnes tyde, 585
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte. 590

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seiz'd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere; 595
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;

Neere

268 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge. 600

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynyng, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme;
Alonge the fiede it made an horrid cleembe, 605
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the
grounde. 610

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes fyde;
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde; 615
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their ranks
divide,
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;

So

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 269

So olyphauntes, in kingdomme of the sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes
runne. 620

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies, 625
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm
bloude;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne
knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte. 630

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and bluftrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 635
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,

Throwe

270 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
 He skymys alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
 In peecies hee the morthering thief doth chyne. 640

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
 Hee fled, as wolves when bie the talbots chac'd,
 To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne, 645
 And sayd ; Campynon, is it thee I see?
 Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
 Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
 Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
 Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte. 650

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's
 bronde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
 Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,
 Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
 So hunted deere the dryvyng hounds will flee, 655
 When theie dyscover they cannot escape;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 271

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie oft awhape;
Thus floode Campynon, greete but hertlesse knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 660

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd flee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd drie;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee; 665
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee graspd hys bylle in fyke a drear arraie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 670

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 675
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;

A tyde

272 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
 Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
 Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle. 680

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
 So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,
 Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
 Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe, 685
 And stoppyng wearie travellers on the waie;
 So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

* * * * *

Bled, gron'd, and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes
 astound

To see the bawfin champyon preste upon the grounde. 690

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
 And thunders ugsum on the sandes below,
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedecesters shore,
 And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prow;
 So bremie Alfwould thro the warre dyd goe; 695
 Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,

Betreinted

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 273

Betreinted all alonge with bloudles foe,
And seemd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthles corse besprente. 700

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte.
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte, 705
As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upwarde wente: in everlastyng nyghte
Hee closd hys rolyng and dymfyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes funken to the dead. 710

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he fente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie 715
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;

T

Then

274 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouslie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys fwerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne. 729

* * * * *

SONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

AS onn a hylle one eve fittyng,
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderyng,
 The counynge handieworke so fyne,
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
 Quod I; some counynge fairie hande 5
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
 Full well I wote so fine a fyghte
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
 Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng. 10
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
 And eke another in the Towe,
 Where glassie bubblyng Trymme doth roun.
 Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given 15
 His fowle will certes goe to heaven.
 Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.

T 2

Quod

276 ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;

I have ne gotten markes three.

20

Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes foe;

Canynge and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

O N T H E S A M E.

STAY, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,
And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.

This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie, 5
Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme desie,

That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the Buylers fame for aie.

Thou seeft this maystrie of a human hand,
The pride of Brystowe and the Westerne lande, 10

Yet is the Buylers vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.

Thou seeft the saynctes and kynges in stonen state,
That seemd with breath and human soule dispande,

As

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. 277

As payrde to us enseem these men of slate, 15
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God
elate.

Well maiest thou be astound, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countye telle, 20
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and
fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THYS mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge
raie,
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte,
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;

278 EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe ;
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall founde to rise the
 folle,
 He'll wyngge to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys
 dolle.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

A NENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
 Lifesteynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
 Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,
 At dystaunt ryfing Avonne to he sped, 5
 Amenged wyth ryfing hylles dyd shewe yts head ;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
 And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
 And stickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente, 10
 Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
 Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 279

These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mie thoughte
Of hardie champyons knowne to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte, 15
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore, 20
Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd faie, 25
Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes foe doughtie should for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde. 30

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a fayncte as anie towne can boaste,

280 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste :
Fitz Hardyng, Bithrickus, and twentie moe 35
Ynn vifyonn fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde; 40
Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
The damoiselle dyd come foe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne costlie paraments of woden blue, 45
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere;
Naked she was, and loked swete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trout he.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde, 50
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white tyde,
Or

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 281

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Aftounded mickle there I fylente laie, 55
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge fyghte;
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrew. 60

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blofom woulde fuch fins anete;
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, 65
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

Wyth sweet femblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
Falso oratoryes she dyd aie deteste: 70
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho she strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

Shee

Shee sayd ; mie manner of appereynge here
 Mie name and fleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle ;
 I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heaven were, 75
 Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle ;
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
 Payncters and carvellers have gaind good name, 80
 But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
 A Canynge, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
 What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde, 85
 Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
 Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
 So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie ;
 Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
 Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth Trouthe asyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
 Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,

And

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 283

And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled ;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte, 95
I saw hym eager gaspyng after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chylde's plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wyfdom's raie ;
He ate downe learnyng with the wafle cake. 100
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe to make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore ;
Eche daie enhedeyng mockler for to bee, 105
Greete yn hys counceyl for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one foe wyse, and yet foe yinge.

Encreasynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteyng to hys journie ynto heaven, 110
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.

Hee

284 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesús rest hys soule!) 115
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wiffen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte? 120

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne, 125
Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules; 130
And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 285

Eftsoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte ;
Hys dame, hys seconde felfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte, 135
And sleed good Canynge ; sad mystake of dethe !
Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,) 140
Was to my bismarde eyne-fyghte newlie giv'n ;
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule 145
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe ;
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle ;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preefte for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke ;
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke. 150

ON

ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
 Or quite erased from the scaunce-layd grounde,
 Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
 Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
 Lyve to ytfelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
 To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,
 And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

JOHNE makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie
 worke.

THE

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

MIE boolie entes, adieu ! ne moe the fyghte
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
 Ne moe the fylver noble sheenyng bryghte
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne ;
 Ne moe, ne moe, alas ! I call you myne : 5
 Whydder must you, ah ! whydder must I goe ?
 I kenn not either ; oh mie emmers dygne,
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe ;
 I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle ;
 O storth unto mie mynde ! I goe to helle. 10

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie funne,
 A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme ;
 Whann ynn the heayn full half hys course was runn,
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme ;
 Thye los, or quycke or slepe, was aie mie dreame ; 15
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrafe ;
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme ;
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place ;
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe. 20

THE

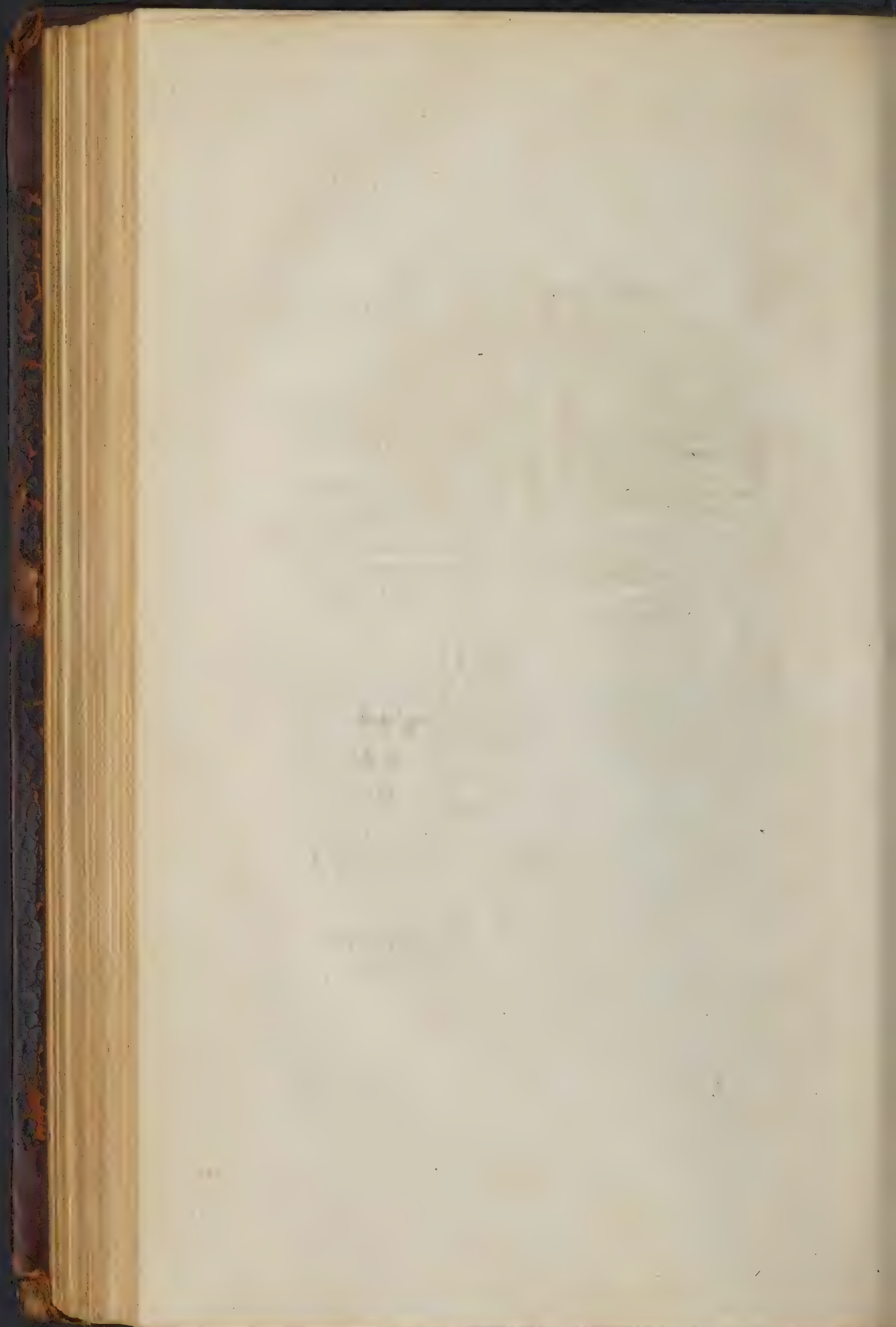
THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES
FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han founde;
Byelecoyle doe the Grave beseeme;
The ealdermenne doe fyttē arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wylde ynne defarte wasse
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste,

Syke keene theie ate; the minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie styllē the gwestes ha ne to saie,
Butte nodde yer thanks ande falle aslape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

T H E E N D.

A GLOS-



A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS
IN THIS VOLUME.

*I*N the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by CHATTERTON, have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.

U

EXPLA-

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF
REFERENCE.

Æ.	stands for	<i>Ælla; a tragycal enterlude,</i>	p.	76
Ba.	—	<i>The dethe of Syr C. Bawdin,</i>	—	44
Ch.	—	<i>Balade of Charitie,</i>	—	203
E. I.	—	<i>Eclogue the first,</i>	—	1
E. II.	—	<i>Eclogue the second,</i>	—	6
E. III.	—	<i>Eclogue the third,</i>	—	12
El.	—	<i>Elinoure and Juga,</i>	—	19
Ent.	—	<i>Entroduccionne to Ælla,</i>	—	75
Ep.	—	<i>Epistle to M. Canynge,</i>	—	67
G.	—	<i>Goddwyn; a Tragedie,</i>	—	173
H. 1.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N° 1.</i>	—	210
H. 2.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N° 2.</i>	—	237
Le.	—	<i>Letter to M. Canynge,</i>	—	71
M.	—	<i>Englysh Metamorphosis,</i>	—	196
P. G.	—	<i>Prologue to Goddwyn,</i>	—	175
T.	—	<i>Tournament,</i>	—	28

The other references are made to the pages.

A G L O S S A R Y.

A BESSIE, E. III. 89. *Humility*. C.
 Aborne, T. 45. *Burnished*. C.
 Abounde, H. I. 55.
 Aboune, G. 53. *Make ready*. C.
 Abredynge, Æ. 334. *Upbraiding*. C.
 Abrew, p. 281. 60. as *Brew*.
 Abrodden, E. I. 6. *Abruptly*. C.
 Acale, G. 191. *Freeze*. C.
 Accaie, Æ. 356. *Affwage*. C.
 Achments, T. 153. *Atchievements*. C.
 Acheke, G. 47. *Choke*. C.
 Achevments, Æ. 65. *Services*. C.
 Acome, p. 283. 95. as *Come*.
 Acrool, El. 6. *Faintly*. C.
 Adave, H. 2. 402.
 Adawe, p. 282. 78. *Awake*.
 Addawd, H. 2. 110.
 Adente, Æ. 396. *Fastened*. C.
 Adented, G. 32. *Fastened, annexed*. C.
 Aderne, H. 2. 272. See *Derne*, *Dernie*.
 Adigne. See *Adygne*.
 Adrames, Ep. 27. *Churls*. C.
 Adventaile, T. 13. *Armour*. C.
 Adygne, Le. 46. *Nervous; avor-
thy of praise*. C.
 Affynd, H. 1. 132. *Related by
marriage*.
 Afleme, p. 287. 14. as *Fleme*;
to drive away, to affright.
 After la goure, H. 2. 353. should
probably be *Astrelagour*; *Ast-
trogler*.
 Agrame, G. 93. *Grievance*. C.
 Agreme, Æ. 356. *Torture*. C.—
G. 5. *Grievance*. C.
 Agrofed, p. 286. 6. as *Agrifed*;
terrified.
 Agroted, Æ. 348. See *Groted*.
 Agylted, Æ. 334. *Offended*. C.
 Aidens, Æ. 222. *Aidance*.
 Ake, E. II. 8. *Oak*. C.
 Alans, H. 2. 124. *Hounds*.
 Alatche, Æ. 117.
 Aledge, G. 5. *Idly*. C.
 Aleft, Æ. 50. *Left*.
 All a boon, E. III. 41. *A manner
of asking a favour*. C.
 Alleyn, E. I. 52. *Only*. C.
 Almer, Ch. 20. *Beggar*. C.
 Aluite, H. 1. 88.
 Alyne, T. 79. *Across his shoulders*. C.
 U 2 Alyfe,

Alyse, Le. 29. *Allow.* C.
 Amate, Æ. 58. *Destroy.* C.
 Amayld, E. II. 49. *Enameled.* C.
 Ameded, Æ. 54. *Rewarded.*
 Amenged, p. 278. 6. as *Menged*;
 mixed.
 Amenused, E. II. 5. *Diminished.*
 C.
 Amield, T. 5. *Ornamented, ena-
 meled.* C.
 Anente, Æ. 475. *Against.* C.
 Anere, Æ. 15. *Another.* C.
 Anete, p. 281. 64.
 Anie, p. 281. 59. as *Nie*; nigh.
 Anlace, G. 57. *An ancient sword.*
 C.
 Antecedent, Æ. 233. *Going before.*
 Applings, E. I. 33. *Grafted trees.*
 C.
 Arace, G. 156. *Divest.* C.
 Arist, Ch. 10. *Arose.* C.
 Arrowe-lede, H. 1. 74.
 Ascaunce, E. III. 52. *Disdainfully.*
 C.

Asenglave, H. 1. 117.
 Askaunted, Le. 19.
 Ailee, Æ. 504.
 Affeled, E. III. 14. *Answered.* C.
 Ashrewed, Ch. 24. *Accursed, un-
 fortunate.* C.
 Affwaie, Æ. 352.
 Astedde, E. II. 11. *Seated.* C.
 Astende, G. 47. *Astonish.* C.
 Asterte, G. 137. *Neglected.* C.
 Astoun, E. II. 5. *Astonished.* C.

Astounde, M. 83. *Astonish.* C.
 Asyde, p. 282. 90. perhaps *Astyde*;
 ascended.
 Athur, H. 2. 476. as *Thurgh*;
 thorough.
 Attenes, Æ. 18. *At once.* C.
 Attoure, T. 115. *Turn.* C.
 Attoure, Æ. 322. *Around.*
 Ave, H. 2. 645. for *Eau.* Fr.
 Water.
 Aumere, Ch. 7. *A loose robe, or
 mantle.* C.
 Aumeres, E. III. 25. *Borders of
 gold and silver, &c.* C.
 Aunture, H. 2. 133. as *Aven-
 ture*; adventure.
 Autremete, Ch. 52. *A loose white
 robe, worn by priests.* C.
 Awhaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished.* C.
 Aynewarde, Ch. 47. *Backwards.*
 C.

B.

Bankes, T. 3. *Benches.*
 Barb'd hall, Æ. 219.
 Barbed horse, Æ. 27. *Covered with
 armour.*
 Baren, Æ. 880, for *Barren.*
 Barganette, E. III. 49. *A song, or
 ballad.* C.
 Bataunt, Ba. 276. 292.
 Battayles, Æ. 707. *Boats, ships.*
 Fr.

Batten,

- Batten, G. 3. *Fatten*. C.
 Battent, T. 52. *Loudly*. C.
 Battently, G. 50. *Loud roaring*. C.
 Battone, H. 1. 520. *Beat with sticks*. Fr.
 Baubels, Ent. 7. *Jewels*. C.
 Bawfin, Æ. 57. *Large*. C.
 Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow*. C.
 Beheste, G. 60. *Command*. C.
 Behight, H. 2. 365.
 Behylte, Æ. 939. *Promised*. C.
 Belent, H. 2. 121.
 Beme, Æ. 563. *Trumpet*.
 Bemente, E. I. 45. *Lament*. C.
 Benned, Æ. 1185. *Curfed, tormented*. C.
 Benymmynge, P. G. 3. *Bereaving*. C.
 Bercie, p. 278. 8.
 Berne, Æ. 580. *Child*. C.
 Berten, T. 58. *Venomous*. C.
 Beseies, T. 124. *Becomes*. C.
 Resprente, T. 132. *Scattered*. C.
 Bestadde, p. 286. 3.
 Bestanne, Æ. 411.
 Bested, H. 2. 140.
 Bestoiker, Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. C.
 Bestreynts, H. 2. 644.
 Bete, G. 85. *Bid*. C.
 Betrafied, G. 7. *Deceived, imposed on*. C.
 Betrafte, Æ. 1031. *Betrayed*. C.
 Betreinted, H. 2. 707.
 Bevyle, E. II. 57. *Break*. A herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. C.
 Bewrate, H. 2. 127.
 Bewrecke, G. 101. *Revenge*. C.
 Bewreen, Æ. 6. *Express*. C.
 Bewryen, Le. 42. *Declared, expressed*. C.
 Bewryne, G. 72. *Declare*. C.
 Bewryning, T. 128. *Declaring*. C.
 Bighes, Æ. 371. *Jewels*. C.
 Birlette, E. III. 24. *A hood, or covering for the back part of the head*. C.
 Bismarde, p. 285. 141.
 Blake, Æ. 178. 407. *Naked*. C.
 Blakied, E. III. 4. *Naked, original*. C.
 Blanche, Æ. 369. *White, pure*.
 Blaunchie, E. II. 50. *White*. C.
 Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. *Loudly*. C.
 Blente, E. III. 39. *Ceased, dead*. C.
 Blethe, T. 98. *Bleed*. C.
 Blynge, Æ. 334. *Cease*. C.
 Blyn, E. II. 40. *Cease, stand still*. C.
 Boddekin, Æ. 265. *Body, substance*. C.
 Boleynge, M. 17. *Swelling*. C.
 Bollengers and Cottos, E. II. 33. *Different kinds of boats*. C.
 Boolie, E. I. 46. *Beloved*. C.
 Bordel, E. III. 2. *Cottage*. C.
 Bordelier, Æ. 410. *Cottager*.
 Borne, T. 13. Æ. 741. *Burnish*. C.
 Boun, E. II. 40. *Make ready*. C.
 U 3 Bounde,

- Bounde, T. 32. *Ready*. C.
 Bourne, Æ. 483.
 Bouting matche, p. 23. 2.
 Bowke, T. 19.—Bowkie, G. 133.
 Body. C.
 Braſteth, G. 123. *Burſteth*. C.
 Brayd, G. 77. *Displayed*. C.
 Brayde, Æ. 1010.
 Breme, ſubſt. G. 12. *Strength*. C.
 ——— adj. E. II. 6. *Strong*. C.
 Brende, G. 50. *Burn, conſume*. C.
 Bretful, Ch. 19. *Filled with*. C.
 Broched, H. 2. 345. *Pointed*.
 Brondeous, E. II. 24. *Furious*. C.
 Browded, G. 130. *Embroidered*. C.
 Brynnyng, Æ. 680. *Declaring*. C.
 Burled, M. 20. *Armed*. C.
 Burlie bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger*.
 C.
 Byelecoyle, p. 288. 2. *Bel-acueil*.
 Fr. the name of a perſonage
 in the *Roman de la Roſe*,
 which Chaucer has rendered
 Fair-welcoming.
 Byker, Æ. 246. *Battle*.
 Bykrous, M. 37. *Warring*. C.
 Byſmare, M. 95. *Bewildered, curi-*
 ous. C.
 Byſmarelie, Le. 26. *Curiouſly*. C.
 C.
 Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold*.
 Calke, G. 25. *Caſt*. C.

- Calked, E. I. 49. *Caſt out*. C.
 Caltyſning, G. 67. *Forbidding*. C.
 Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, ſtones*.
 Brit.
 Caſtle-ſtede, G. 100. *A caſtle*. C.
 Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates*.
 Caytiſned, Æ. 32. *Binding, en-*
 forcing. C.
 Celneſs, Æ. 882.
 Chaſe, Æ. 191. *Hot*. C.
 Chaſtes, G. 201. *Beats, ſtamps*. C.
 Champion, v. P. G. 12. *Chal-*
 lenge. C.
 Chaper, E. III. 48. *Dry, ſun-*
 burnt. C.
 Chapournette, Ch. 45. *A ſmall*
 round bat. C.
 Cheſe, G. 11. *Heat, raſhneſs*. C.
 Chelandree, Æ. 105. *Gold-finch*.
 C.
 Cheorte, p. 288. 4.
 Cherifaunce, Ent. 1. *Comfort*. C.
 Cherifaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps
 Cherifaunced.
 Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves*. C.
 Chevyſed, Ent. 2. *Preſerved*. C.
 Chirckynge, M. 23. *A conſuſed*
 noiſe. C.
 Church-glebe-houſe, Ch. 24.
 Grave. C.
 Cleme, E. II. 9. *Sound*. C.
 Clergyon, P. G. 8. *Clerk, or cler-*
 gyman. C.
 Clergyon'd, Ent. 13. *Taught*. C.
 Clevis, H. 2. 46.

Cleyne,

- Cleyne, *Æ.* 1102. Cuyen kine, *E. I.* 35. *Tender cows.*
 Clinie, *H. I.* 431. C.
 Cloude-agedsted, *p.* 278. 9.
 Clymmynge, *Ch.* 36. *Noisy.* C. D.
 Coistrell, *H. 2.* 88.
 Compheeres, *M. 21.* *Companions.* Dareygne, *G. 26.* *Attempt, endeavour.* C.
 Congeon, *E. III.* 89. *Dwarf.* C. Declynie, *H. I.* 161. *Declination.*
 Contake, *T.* 87. *Dispute.* C. q?
 Conteins, *H. I.* 223. *for Contents.* Decorn, *E. II.* 14. *Carved.* C.
 Conteke, *E. II.* 10. *Confuse; contend with.* C. Deene, *E. II.* 69. *Glorious, worthy.* C.
 Contekions, *Æ.* 558. *Contentions.* Deere, *E. III.* 88. *Dire.* C.
 Cope, *Ch.* 50. *A cloke.* C. Defs, *M. 9.* *Vapours, meteors.* C.
 Corven, *Æ.* 56. *See Ycorven.* Defayte, *G.* 52. *Decay.* C.
 Cotte, *E. II.* 24. *Cut.* Defte, *Ch.* 7. *Neat, ornamental.* C.
 Cottes, *E. II.* 33. *See Bollengers.* Deigned, *E. III.* 53. *Disdained.* C.
 Coupe, *E. II.* 7. *Cut.* C. Delievretie, *T.* 44. *Activity.* C.
 Couraciers, *T.* 74. *Horse-courfers.* Demasing, *H. I.* 276.
 C. Dente, *Æ.* 886. *See Adente.*
 Coyen, *Æ.* 125. *Coy.* q? Dented, *Æ.* 263. *See Adented.*
 Cravent, *E. III.* 39. *Corward.* C. Denwere, *G.* 141. *Doubt.* C.—
 Creand, *Æ.* 581. *as Recreand.* M. 13. *Tremour.* C.
 Crine, *Æ.* 851. *Hair.* C. Dequace, *G.* 56. *Mangle, destroy.*
 Croched, *H. 2.* 521. *perhaps Broched.* C.
 Croche, *v. G.* 26. *Cross.* C. Dequaced, *p.* 280. 38.
 Crokyng, *Æ.* 119. *Bending.* Dere, *Ep.* 5. *Hurt, damage.* C.
 Cross-stone, *Æ.* 1122. *Monument.* Derkynnes, *Æ.* 229. *Young deer.*
 C. q?
 Cuarr, *p.* 281. 53. *Quarry.* q? Derne, *Æ.* 582.—*H. 2.* 532.
 Cullis-yatte, *E. I.* 50. *Portcullis-gate.* C. Dernie, *E. I.* 19. *Woeful, lamentable.* C.
 Curriedowe, *G.* 176. *Flatterer.* C. ——— *M.* 106. *Cruel.* C.
 Deslavate, *H. 2.* 343.
 Deslavatie, *Æ.* 1047. *Letchery.* C.
 U 4 Detra-

- Detratours, H. 2. 78.
 Deyfde, Æ. 46. *Seated on a deis.*
 Dheie; *They.*
 Dhere, Æ. 192. *There.*
 Dhereof; *Thereof.*
 Difficile, Æ. 358. *Difficult.* C.
 Dighte, Ch. 7. *Drest, arrayed.* C.
 Dispande, p. 276. ult. perhaps for
 Disponed.
 Dispone, p. 279. 27. *Dispose.*
 Divinistre, Æ. 141. *Divine.* C.
 Dolce, Æ. 1187. *Soft, gentle.* C.
 Dole, n. G. 137. *Lamentation.* C.
 Dole, adj. p. 283. 13.
 Dolte, Ep. 27. *Foolish.* C.
 Donde, H. 1. 51.
 Donore, H. 1. 5. This line should
 probably be written thus;
 O sea-certeeming Dovor!
 Dortoure, Ch. 25. *A sleeping room.*
 C.
 Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as
 Dighte.
 Doughtre mere, H. 2. 491. *D'outré*
 merc. Fr. From beyond sea.
 Dree, Æ. 983.
 Dreite, Æ. 466. *Least.* C.
 Drented, G. 91. *Drained.* C.
 Dreynted, Æ. 237. *Drowned.* C.
 Dribbler, E. II. 48. *Small, insigni-*
 ficant. C.
 Drites, G. 65. *Rights, liberties.* C.
 Drocke, T. 40. *Drunk.* C.
 Dreke, Æ. 461.
 Droorie, Ep. 47. See Chatterton's
 note. *Druerie is Courtship,*
 gallantry.
 Drooried, Æ. 127. *Courted.*
 Dulce, p. 283. 103. as *Dolce.*
 Dureffed, E. I. 39. *Hardened.* C.
 Dyd, H. 2. 9. should probably be
 Dyght.
 Dygne, T. 89. *Worthy.* C.
 Dynning, E. I. 25. *Sounding.* C.
 Dysperpellest, Æ. 414. *Scatterest.*
 C.
 Dysporte, E. I. 28. *Pleasure.* C.
 Dysportisment, Æ. 250. as *Dys-*
 porte.
 Dyfregate, Æ. 542.

E.

 Edraw, H. 2. 52. for *Edraw;*
 Draw.
 Eft, E. II. 78. *Often.* C.
 Eftfoones, E. III. 54. *Quickly.* C.
 Ele, M. 74. *Help.* C.
 Eletten, Æ. 448. *Enlighten.* C.
 Eke, E. I. 27. *Also.* C.
 Emblaunched, E. I. 36. *Whitened.*
 C.
 Embodyde, E. I. 33. *Thick, stout.*
 C.
 Embowre, G. 134. *Lodge.* C.
 Emburled, E. II. 54. *Armed.* C.
 Emmate, Æ. 34. *Lessen, decrease.* C.
 Emmers,

A G L O S S A R Y.

- Emmers, p. 287. 7.
 Emmertleynge, M. 72. *Glittering*.
 C.
 Enalfe, G. 159. *Embrace*. C.
 Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold*. C.
 Enchafed, M. 60. *Heated, enraged*.
 C.
 Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture*.
 Enheedyng, p. 283. 105.
 Enlowed, Æ. 606. *Flamed, fired*.
 C.
 Enrone, Æ. 661.
 Enfeme, Æ. 971. *To make seams in*.
 q?
 Enseeming, Æ. 746. as *Seeming*.
 Enshoting, T. 174. *Shooting, darting*. C.
 Enstrote, H. 2. 513.
 Enswote, Æ. 1175. *Sweeten*. q?
 Enswolters, Æ. 629. *Swallows, sucks in*. C.
 Ensfyrke, p. 25. 10. *Encircle*.
 Ent, E. III. 57. *A purse or bag*. C.
 Entendement, Æ. 261. *Understanding*.
 Enthoghteing, Æ. 704.
 Entremed, p. 276. 4.
 Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. as *Tricking*.
 Entyn, P. G. 10. *Even*. C.
 Estande, H. 2. 281. for *Ystande*; Stand.
 Estells, E. II. 16. A corruption of *Estoile*. Fr. A star. C.
 Estroughted, Æ. 918.
 Etthe, E. III. 59. *Ease*. C.
 Ethie, p. 280. 49. *Easy*.
 Evalle, E. III. 38. *Equal*. C.
 Evespeckt, T. 56. *Marked with evening dew*. C.
 Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. *Adultery*. C.
 Ewbrycious, p. 281. 60. *Lascivious*.
 Eyne-gears, p. 279. 13.
 F.
 Fage, Ep. 30. *Tale, jest*. C.
 Faifully, T. 147. *Faithfully*. C.
 Faitour, Ch. 66. *A beggar, or vagabond*. C.
 Faldstole, Æ. 61. *A folding stool, or seat*. See Du Cange in v. *Faldistorium*.
 Fayre, Æ. 1204. 1224. *Clear, innocent*.
 Feere, Æ. 965. *Fire*.
 Feerie, E. II. 45. *Flaming*. C.
 Fele, T. 27. *Feeble*. C.
 Fellen, E. I. 10. *Fell* pa. t. sing. q?
 Fetelie, G. 24. *Nobly*. C.
 Fetive, Ent. 7. as *Festive*.
 Fetivelie, Le. 42. *Elegantly*. C.
 Fetiveness, Æ. 400. as *Festiveness*.
 Feygues, E. III. 78. A corruption of *feints*. C.
 Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury*. C.
 Fic, T. 113. *Defy*. C.
 Flaiten, H. 1. 84.
 Flanchd,

Flanched, H. 2. 252.
 Flemed, T. 56. *Frighted*. C.
 Flemie, p. 278. *ult.*
 Flizze, G. 197. *Fly*. C.
 Floe, H. 2. 54. *Arrow*.
 Flott, Ch. 33. *Fly*. C.
 Foile, E. III. 78. *Baffle*. C.
 Fons, Fonnes, E. II. 14. *Devices*.
 C.
 Forgard, Æ. 565. *Loss*. C.
 Forletten, El. 19. *Forfaken*. C.
 Forloyne, Æ. 722. *Retreat*. C.
 Forreying, T. 114. *Destroying*. C.
 Forslagen, Æ. 1076. *Slain*. C.
 Forslage, Æ. 1106. *Slay*. C.
 Forstraughte, p. 281. 58. *Dis-*
tracted.
 Forstraughteyng, G. 34. *Disfrac-*
ting. C.
 Forswat, Ch. 30. *Sun-burnt*. C.
 Forweltring, Æ. 618. *Blasting*. C.
 Forwyned, E. III. 36. *Dried*. C.
 Fremde, Æ. 430. *Strange*. C.
 Fremded, Æ. 555. *Frighted*. C.
 Freme, Æ. 267.
 Fruetile, Æ. 185. *Fruitful*.

G.

Gaberdine, T. 88. *A piece of ar-*
mour. C.
 Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted*. C.
 Gare, Ep. 7. *Cause*. C.
 Gastnefs, Æ. 412. *Ghastliness*.

Gayne, Æ. 821. To gayne fo
 gayne a pryze. Gayne has
 probably been repeated by
 mistake.

Geare, Æ. 299. *Apparel, accoutre-*
ment.

Geason, Ent. 7. *Rare*. C.—G.
 120. *Extraordinary, strange*.
 C.

Geer, H. 2. 284. as *Gier*.

Geete, Æ. 736. as *Gite*.

Gemote, G. 94. *Assamble*. C.

Gemoted, E. II. 38. *United, assem-*
bled. C.

Gerd, M. 7. *Broke, rent*. C.

Gies, G. 207. *Guides*. C.

Gier, H. 1. 527. *A turn, or twist*.

Gif, E. II. 39. *If*. C.

Gites, Æ. 2. *Robes, mantels*. C.

Glair, H. 2. 580.

Gledcyng, M. 22. *Livid*. C.

Glomb, G. 175. *Frown*. C.

Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded, de-*
jected. C.

Glytted, H. 2. 282.

Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden*. C.

Gottes, Æ. 740. *Drops*.

Gouler, p. 282. 76.

Graiebarbes, Le. 25. *Greybeards*.
 C.

Grange, E. I. 34. *Liberty of pas-*
ture. C.

Gratche, Æ. 115. *Apparel*. C.

Grave, p. 288. 2. *Chief magistrate,*
mayor.

Gravots,

- Gravots, E. I. 24. *Groves.* C.
 Gree, E. I. 44. *Grow.* C.
 Groffle, Æ. 547.
 Groffish, Æ. 257.
 Groffynglie, Ep. 33. *Foolishly.* C.
 Gron, G. 90. *a fen, moor.* C.
 Gronfer, E. II. 45. *A meteor, from
 gron a fen, and fer, a corrup-
 tion of fire.* C.
 Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors.* C.
 Grore, H. 2. 27.
 Groted, E. 337. *Swollen.* C.
 Gule-depeincted, E. II. 13. *Red-
 painted.* C.
 Gule-steynct, G. 62. *Red-stained.*
 C.
 Gytteles, Æ. 438. *Mantels.* C.
- H.
- Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy.* C.
 Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as *Haile.*
 Halceld, M. 37. *Defeated.* C.
 Hallie, T. 144. *Holy.* C.
 Hallie, Æ. 33. *Wholly.*
 Halline, Ch. 82. *Joy.* C.
 Hancelled, G. 49. *Cut off, destroy-
 ed.* C.
 Han, Æ. 734. *Hath.* q?
 Hanne, Æ. 409. *Had.* particip.
 q?—Æ. 685. *Had.* pa. t.
 fing. q?
 Hantoned, Æ. 1094.
 Harried, M. 82. *Toft.* C.
 Hatched, p. 25. 1.
- Haveth, E. I. 17. *Havē.* 1st perf.
 q?
 Heafods, E. II. 7. *Heads.* C.
 Heavenwere, G. 146. *Heaven-
 ward.* C.
 Hecked, Æ. 394. *Wrapped close-
 ly, covered.* C.
 Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped.* C.
 Heie, E. II. 15. *Tbey.* C.
 Heideyngnes, E. III. 77. *A coun-
 try dance, still practised in the
 North.* C.
 Hele, n. G. 127. *Help.* C.
 Hele, v. E. III. 16. *To help.* C.
 Hem, T. 24. *A contraction of
 them.* C.
 Hente, T. 175. *Grasp, bold.* C.
 Hentyll, Æ. 1161.
 Herfelle, Æ. 279. *Herself.*
 Heste, Æ. 1182.
 Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. *Hid-
 den.* C.
 Hiltring, Ch. 13. *Hiding.* C.
 Hoastrie, E. I. 26. *Inn, or publick
 house.* C.
 Holtred, Æ. 293.
 Hommeur, Æ. 1190.
 Hondepoint, Æ. 273.
 Hopelen, Æ. 399.
 Horrowe, M. 2. *Unseemly, disa-
 greeable.* C.
 Horfe-millanar, Ch. 56. *See C's
 note.*
 Houton, M. 92. *Hollow.* C.
 Hulftred, M. 6. *Hidden, secret.* C.
 Huscarles,

Hufcarles, Æ. 922. 1194. *Houfe-
servants.*

Hyger, Æ. 627. The flowing of
the tide in the Severn was
antiently called the *Hygra*.
Gul. Malmesb. de Pontif.
Ang. L. iv.

Hylle-tyre, Æ. 682. *A beacon.*

Hylte, T. 168. *Hide, secreted.* C.
—Æ. 1059. *Hide.* C.

I.

Jape, Ch. 74. *A short surplice, &c.*
C.

Jeste, G. 195. *Hoisted, raised.* C.

Ifrete, G. 2. *Devour, destroy.* C.

Ihantend, E. I. 40. *Accustomed.* C.

Jintle, H. 2. 82. for *Gentle.*

Impestering, E. I. 29. *Annoying.*
C.

Inhild, El. 14. *Infuse.* C.

Ishad, Le. 37. *Broken.* C.

Jubb, E. III. 71. *A bottle.* C.

Iwreene, p. 286. 9.

K.

Ken, E. II. 6. *See, discover, know.*
C.

Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows.* C.

Keppend, Le. 44.

Kiste, Ch. 25. *Coffin.* C.

Kivercled, E. III. 63. *The hidden
or secret part.* C.

Knopped, M. 14. *Fastened, chain-
ed, congealed.* C.

L.

Ladden, H. 1. 206.

Leathel, E. I. 42. *Deadly.* C.

Lechemanne, Æ. 31. *Physician.*

Leckedst, H. 2. 342.

Lecturn, Le. 46. *Subject.* C.

Lecturnies, Æ. 109. *Lectures.* C.

Leden, El. 30. *Decreasing.* C.

Ledanne, Æ. 1143.

Leege, G. 173. *Homage, obeysance.*
C.

Leegefolcke, G. 43. *Subjects.* C.

Lege, Ep. 3. *Law.* C.

Leggen, M. 92. *Lesser, alloy.* C.

Leggende, M. 33. *Alloyed.* C.

Lemanne, Æ. 132. *Mistress.*

Lemes, Æ. 42. *Lights, rays.* C.

Lemed, El. 7. *Glifined.* C.—
Æ. 606. *Lighted.* C.

Lere, Æ. 568. H. 2. 607. seems
to be put for *Leather.*

Lessel, El. 25. *A bush or hedge.* C.

Lete, G. 60. *Still.* C.

Lethal, El. 21. *Deadly, or death-
boding.* C.

Lethlen, Æ. 272. *Still, dead.* C.

Letten, Æ. 928. *Church-yard.* C.

Levynde, El. 18. *Blessed.* C.

Levynde,

- Levynne, M. 104. *Lightning*. C. Meeded, Æ. 39. *Reward*.
 Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Light-ning-meltd*. q? Memuine, H. 2. 120.
 Lief, Æ. 217. Meniced, p. 285. 146. *Menaced*.
 Liff, E. I. 7. *Leaf*. q?
 Ligheth, Æ. 627. Mere, G. 58. *Lake*. C.
 Likand, H. 2. 187. *Liking*. C. Merk-plante, T. 176. *Night-shaile*.
 Limed, E. II. 7. } *Glassy, reflec-* Merke, T. 163. *Dark, gloomy*. C.
 Limmed, M. 90. } *ting*. C. Miefel, Æ. 551. *Myself*.
 Linge, Æ. 376. *Stay*. C. Miskynette, El. 22. *A small bag*.
 Liffed, T. 97. *Bounded*. C. pipe. C.
 Lithie, Ep. 10. *Humble*. C. Milt, Ch. 49. *Poor, needy*. C.
 Loaste, Æ. 456. *Loss*. Mitches, El. 20. *Ruins*. C.
 Logges, E. I. 55. *Cottages*. C. Mittee, E. II. 28. *Mighty*. C.
 Lordinge, T. 57. *Standing on their* Mockler, p. 283. 105. *More*.
hind legs. C. Moke, Ep. 5. *Much*. C.
 Loverd's, E. III. 29. *Lord's*. C. Mokie, El. 29. *Black*. C.
 Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire*. C. Mole, Ch. 4. *Soft*. C.
 Lowes, T. 137. *Flames*. C. Mollock, G. 90. *Wet, moist*. C.
 Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames*. C. Morglaiden, M. 20. *The name of a*
 Lymmed, M. 33. *Polished*. C. sword in some old Romances.
 Lynch, El. 37. *Bank*. C. Morthe, Æ. 307.
 Lyoncel, E. II. 44. *Young lion*. C. Morthynge, El. 4. *Murdering*. C.
 Lyped, El. 34. Mote, E. I. 22. *Might*. C.
 Lyffe, T. 2. *Sport, or play*. C. Motte, H. 2. 194. *Word, or motto*.
 Lyffed, Æ. 53. *Bounded*. C. Myckle, Le. 16. *Much*. C.
 Myndbruch, Æ. 401.
 Mynster, G. 75. *Monastery*. C.
 Mysterk, M. 33. *Mystic*. C.

M.

- Mancas, G. 136. *Marks*. C.
 Manchyn, H. 2. 232. *A sleeve*. Fr.
 Maynt, Meynte, E. II. 66. *Many,*
great numbers. C.
 Mee, Mees, E. I. 31. *Meadow*. C.

N.

- Ne, P. G. 6. *Not*. C.
 Ne, p. 281. 58. *Nigh*.

Nedere,

Nedere, Ep. 11. *Adder*. C.

Neete, p. 280. 41. *Night*.

Nesh, T. 16. *Weak, tender*. C.

Nete, Æ. 399. *Night*.

Nete, T. 19. *Nothing*. C.

Nilling, Le. 16. *Unwilling*. C.

Nome-depainted, E. II. 17. *Rebus'd shields*; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. C.

Notte-browne, p. 280. 49. *Nut-brown*.

O.

Obaie, E. I. 41. *Abide*. C.

Offrendes, Æ. 51. *Presents, offerings*. C.

Olyphautes, H. 2. 629. *Elephants*.

Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26. *Not knowing*. C.

Onlight, Æ. 678.

Onlist, Le. 45. *Boundless*. C.

Orrests, G. 100. *Oversets*. C.

Ouchd, T. 80. See C's note.

Ouphante, Æ. 888. 929. *Ouphen, Elves*.

Ourt, H. 2. 588.

Ouzle, Æ. 104. *Black-bird*. C.

Owndes, G. 91. *Waves*. C.

P.

Pall, Ch. 31. *Contraction from appall, to fright*. C.

Paramente, Æ. 52. *Robes of scarlet*. C.—M. 36. *A princely robe*. C.

Paves, Pavyes, Æ. 433. *Shields*.

Peede, Ch. 5. *Pied*. C.

Pencte, Ch. 46. *Painted*. C.

Penne, Æ. 728. *Mountain*.

Percase, Le. 21. *Perchance*. C.

'Pere, E. I. 41. *Appear*. C.

Perpled, p. 283. 99. *Purple*. q?

Perfant, Æ. 561. *Piercing*.

Pete, Æ. 1001.

Pheeres, Æ. 46. *Fellows, equals*. C.

Pheon, H. 2. 282. in Heraldry, *the barbed head of a dart*.

Pheryons, p. 285. 147.

Picte, E. III. 91. *Picture*. C.

Pighte, T. 38. *Pitched, or bent down*. C.

Poyntel, Le. 44. *A pen*. C.

Prevdy, Æ. 23. *Hardy, valourous*. C.

Proto-slene, H. 2. 38. *First-slain*.

Prowe, H. 1. 108.

Pynant, Le. 4. *Pining, meagre*.

Pyghte, M. 73. *Settled*. C.

Pyghteth, Ep. 15. *Plucks, or tortures*. C.

Quaced,

Q.

Quaced, T. 94. *Vanquished*. C.Quaintiffed, T. 4. *Curiously de-
vised*. C.Quand, Æ. 241. *Stilled, Quenched*.
C.Queede, Æ. 284. 428. *The evil
one; the Devil*.

R.

Receivure, G. 151. *Receipt*. C.Recer, H. 1. 87. for *Racer*.Recendize, Æ. 544. { for *Re-
creandice*;
Recrandize, Æ. 1193. { *Coward-
ice*.Recreand, Æ. 508. *Coward*. C.Reddour, Æ. 30. *Violence*. C.Rede, Le. 18. *Wisdom*. C.Reded, G. 79. *Counselled*. C.Redeing, Æ. 227. *Advice*.Regrate, Le. 7. *Esteem*. C.—M.
70. *Esteem, favour*. C.Rele, n. Æ. 530. *Wave*. C.Reles, v. E. II. 63. *Waves*. C.Rennome, T. 28. *Honour, glory*.
C.Reyne, Reine, E. II. 25. *Run*. C.Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running*. C.Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags*. C.Ribaude, Ep. 9. *Rake, lewd person*.
C.Ribbande-geere, p. 280. 44. *Or-
naments of ribbands*.Rodded, Ch. 3. *Reddened*. C.Rode, E. I. 59. *Complexion*. C.Rodeing, Æ. 324. *Riding*.Roder, Æ. 1065. *Rider, travel-
ler*.Roghling, T. 69. *Rolling*. C.Roin, Æ. 325. *Ruin*.Roiend, Æ. 578. *Ruin'd*.Roiner, Æ. 325. *Ruiner*.Rou, G. 10. *Horrid, grim*. C.Rowncy, Le. 32. *Cart-horse*. C.Rynde, Æ. 1192. *Ruin'd*.

S.

Sabalus, E. I. 22. *The Devil*. C.

Sabbatanners, Æ. 275.

Scalle, Æ. 703. *Shall*. C.Scante, Æ. 1133. *Scarce*. C.Scantillie, Æ. 1010. *Scarcely, spar-
ingly*. C.Scarpes, Æ. 52. *Scarfs*. C.Scethe, T. 96. *Hurt or damage*. C.Scille, E. III. 33. *Gather*. C.Scillye, G. 207. *Closely*. C.Scolles, Æ. 239. *Sholes*.Scond, H. 1. 20. for *Abfcond*.Seck, H. 1. 461. for *Suck*.Seeled, Ent. 11. *Closed*. C.Seere, Æ. 1164. *Search*. C.Selynefs, E. 1. 55. *Happinefs*. C.

Semblate, p. 281. 67.

Seme, E. III. 32. *Seed*. C.Semecope, Ch. 87. *A short under-
cloke*. C.

Semm-

- Semmylykeed, Æ. 298.
 Semlykeene, Æ. 9. *Countenance*.
 C.—G. 56. *Beauty, countenance*. C.
 Sendaument, p. 284. 126.
 Sete, Æ. 1069. *Seat*.
 Shappe, T. 36. *Fate*. C.
 Shap-scurged, Æ. 603. *Fate-scurged*. C.
 Shemring, E. II. 14. *Glimmering*. C.
 Shente, T. 157. *Broke, destroyed*. C.
 Shepen, p. 283. 97.
 Shepstere, E. I. 6. *Shepherd*. C.
 Shoone-pykes, p. 280. 44. *Shoes with piked toes*. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.
 Shrove, H. 2. 442.
 Sletre, Æ. 539. *Slaughter*.
 Slughornes, E. II. 9. *A musical instrument not unlike a hautboy*.
 C.—T. 31. *A kind of clarion*. C.
 Smethe, T. 101. *Smoke*. C.
 Smething, E. I. 1. *Smoking*. C.
 Smore, H. I. 412.
 Smothe, Ch. 35. *Steam or vapours*. C.
 Snett, T. 45. *Bent*. C.
 Sothen, Æ. 227. *Sooth*. q?
 Souten, H. I. 252, for *Sought*. pa. t. sing. q?
 Sparre, H. I. 26. *A wooden bar*.
 Spedde, H. 2. 535.
 Spencer, T. 11. *Dispenser*. C.
 Spere, Æ. 69.
 Spyring, Æ. 707. *Towering*.
 Staie, H. I. 198.
 Starks, T. 73. *Stalks*.
 Steeres, p. 25. 6. *Stairs*.
 Stente, T. 134. *Stained*. C.
 Steynced, Æ. 189.
 Storthe, p. 287. 10.
 Storven, Æ. 608. *Dead*. C.
 Straughte, Æ. 59. *Stretched*. C.
 Stret, Æ. 158. *Stretch*. C.
 Strev, Æ. 358. *Strive*.
 Stringe, G. 10. *Strong*. C.
 Suffycyl, Æ. 62. 981.
 Swarthe, Æ. 265.
 Swartheing, Æ. 295.
 Swarthlefs, H. 2. 573.
 Sweft-kervd, E. II. 20. *Short-liv'd*. C.
 Swoltering, Æ. 444.
 Swotie, E. II. 9. *Sweet*. C.
 Swythe, Swythen, Swythyng; *Quickly*. C.
 Syke, E. II. 6. *Such, so*. C.

T:

- Takelle, T. 72. *Arrow*. C.
 Teint, H. I. 462. for *Tent*.
 Tende, T. 113. *Attend, or wait*. C.

Tene,

Tene, Æ. 366. *Sorrow.*Tentyflie, E. III. 48. *Carefully.*

C.

Tere, Æ. 46. *Healtb.* C.

Thighte, p. 283. 104.

Thoughten, Æ. 172. 1136. for

Thought. pa. t. sing. q?Thyssen, E. II. 87. *Thesē, or those.*

q?

Tochelod, Æ. 205.

Tore, Æ. 1020. *Torch.* C.Trechit, H. 2. 93. for *Treget*;
Deceit.

Treynted, Æ. 454.

Twyghte, E. II. 78. *Plucked,*
pulled. C.Twytte, E. I. 2. *Pluck, or pull.*

C.

Tyngē, Tyngue; *Tongue.*

U.

Val, T. 138. *Helm.* C.Vernage, H. 2. 11. *Vernaccia.*
Ital. a sort of rich wine.Ugsomeness, Æ. 507. *Terror.* C.Ugsomine, E. II. 55. *Terribly.*C.—Æ. 303. *Terrible.* C.Unaknell'd, H. 1. 288. *Without*
any knell rung for them. q?Unburled, Æ. 1186. *Unarmed.*

C.

Uncted, M. 30. *Anointed.* C.Undelievre, G. 27. *Unactive.* C.Unenhantend, Æ. 636. *Unaccus-*
tomed. C.Unespryte, G. 27. *Unspirited.* C.Unhailie, Ch. 85. *Unhappy.* C.Unliart, P. G. 4. *Unforgiving.* C.Unlist, E. III. 86. *Unbounded.* C.Unlored, Ep. 25. *Unlearned.* C.

Unlydgefull, Æ. 537.

Unplayte, G. 86.—Unplyte, Æ.
1238. *Explain.* C.Unquaced, E. III. 90. *Unburt.*

C.

Unsprytes, Æ. 1212. *Un-souls.*

C.

Untentyff, G. 79. *Uncareful, neg-*
lected. C.Unthylle, T. 30. *Useless.* C.Unwere, E. III. 87. *Tempest.* C.Volunde, Æ. 73. *Memory, under-*
standing. C.—G. 140. *Will.*

C.

Upriste, Æ. 928. *Risen.* C.

Upryne, H. 2. 729.

Upfwalyngē, Æ. 258. *Swelling.*

C.

W.

Walsome, H. 2. 92. *Wlatsome*;
*loathsome.*Wanhope, G. 34. *Despair.* C.Wayld, Æ. 11. *Choice, selected.*Waylinge, E. II. 68. *Decreasing.*

C.

X

Wayne

- Wayne, E. III. 31. *Car.* C.
 Weere, Æ. 835. *Grief.* C.
 Welked, E. III. 50. *Withered.* C.
 Welkyn, Æ. 1055. *Heaven.* C.
 Wifeegger, E. III. 8. *A philosopher.* C.
 Wissen, Æ. 685. *Wiss.*
 Wite, G. 176. *Reward.* C.
 Withe, E. III. 36. A contraction of *Witber.* C.
 Wolfome, Le. 5. See *Walsome.*
 Wraytes. See *Reytes.*
 Wrynn, T. 117. *Declare.* C.
 Wurche, Æ. 500. *Work.* C.
 Wychencref, Æ. 420. *Witchcraft.*
 Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief, trouble.* C.
 Wympled, G. 207. *Mantled, covered.* C.
 Wynnynge, Æ. 219.
 Ycorne, Æ. 374.
 Ycorven, T. 170. *To mould.* C.
 Ycrafed, T. 132. *Broken.* C.
 Yenne; *Then.*
 Yer, E. II. 29. *Their.*
 Yer, Æ. 152. *Your.*
 Ygrove, H. 2. 444.
 Yinder, Æ. 692. *Vonder.*
 Yis; *This.*
 Ylach'd, H. 2. 446.
 Ynhyme, Ent. 5. *Interr.* C.
 Ynutile, Æ. 198. *Useless.*
 Yreaden, H. 2. 217.
 Yroughte, H. 2. 328. for *Ywroughte.*
 Ysped, M. 102. *Dispatched.* C.
 Yspende, T. 179. *Consider.* C.
 Ystorven, E. I. 52. *Dead.* C.
 Ytsel, E. I. 18. *Itself.*
 Ywreen, E. II. 30. *Covered.* C.
 Ywrinde, M. 100. *Hid, covered.* C.
 Yyne, Æ. 540. *Thine.*

Y.

- Yan, Æ. 72. *Than.*
 Yaped, Ep. 30. *Laughable.* C.
 Yatte, T. 9. *That.* C.
 Yblente, Æ. 40. *Blinded.* C.
 Ybroched, G. 97. *Horned.* C.

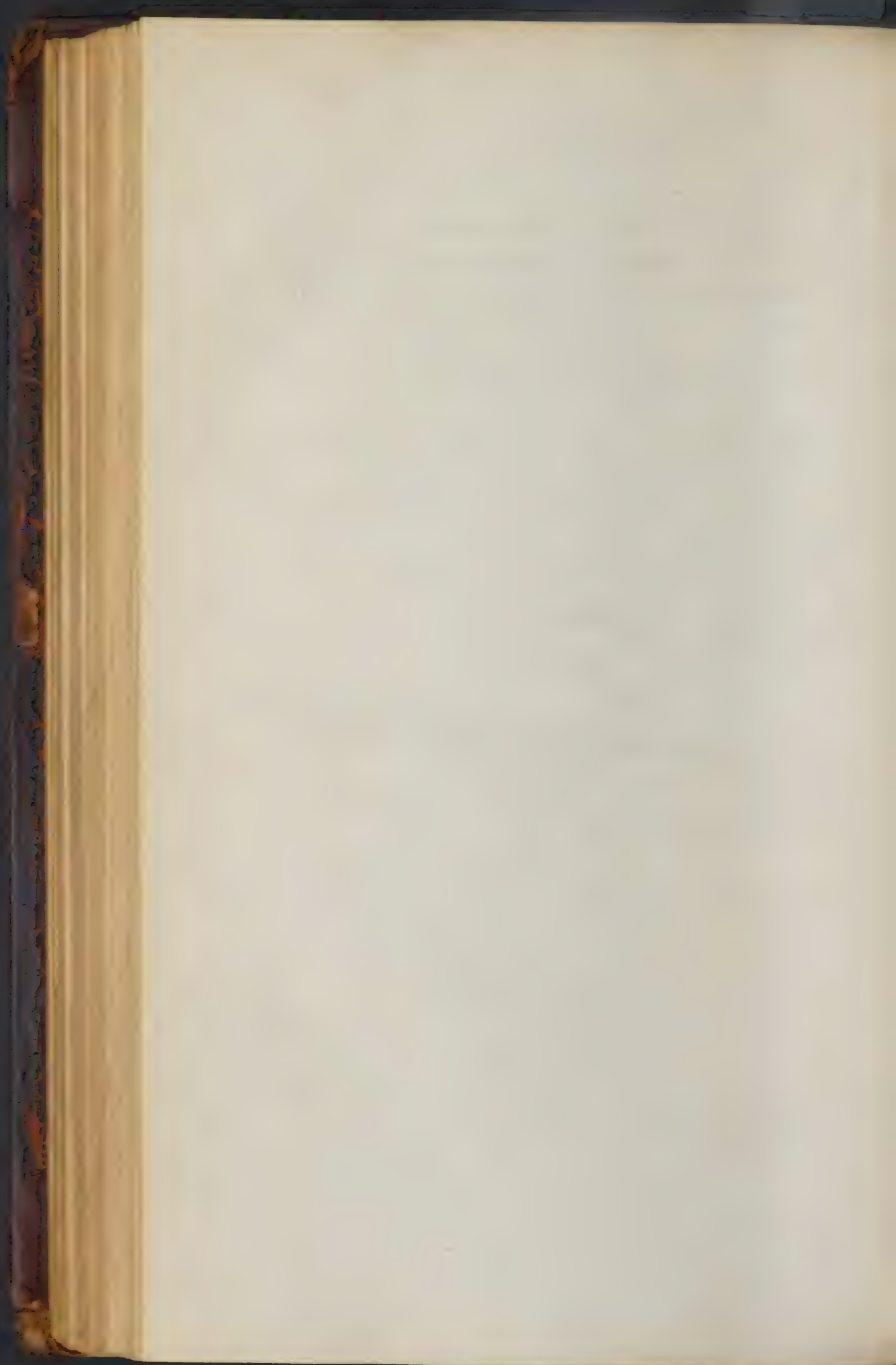
Z.

- Zabalus, Æ. 428. as *Sabalus*; the Devil.

The following are not ERRATA of the Printer, but such evident mistakes of the Transcriber as an Editor, perhaps, ought to have corrected, though, in the present case, it has been judged fitter barely to point them out in this manner to the Reader.

- P. 45. 6. for Canterlone, r. Canterloue, or Canteloue.
 72. ver. 49. ytts, r. yttself.
 75. 1. cherisaunei 'tys, r. cherisaunce it ys.
 80. 73. toe, r. doe.
 100. 345. r. to be dyghte.
 101. 367. feares, r. teares.
 108. 442. Storven, r. Stoven.
 110. 486. be wreene, r. bewreen.
 130. 770. sythe, r. syke.
 135. 839. cherisaunied, r. cherisaunced.
 149. 1008. Hallie, r. Hailie.
 157. 1084. Bie thanks, r. Mie thanks.
 167. 1197. flythe, r. fwythe.
 210. O sea! our teeming donore, r. O sea-oerteeming Doctor!
 215. 104. r. horse of Tosselyn; or rather Josselyn.
 224. 300. men in women's, r. women in men's.
 255. 353. After la goure, r. Astrelagoure.
 265. 548. vycualle, r. vyctimes.

F I N I S.



A P P E N D I X;

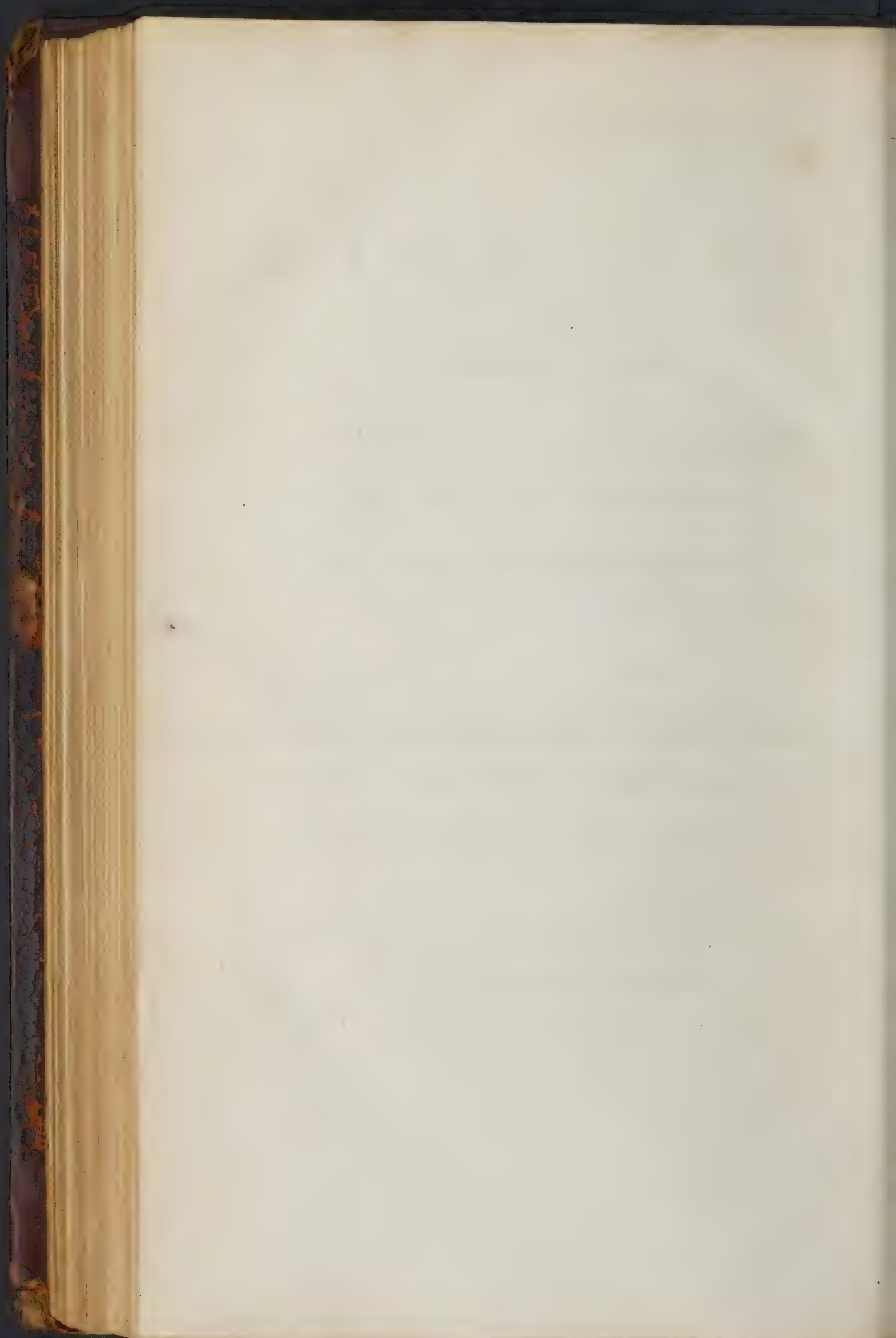
C O N T A I N I N G

SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE
LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS
ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY;

TENDING TO PROVE,
THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY
ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR, BUT ENTIRELY
BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

*Tum levis haud ultra latebras jam quærit imago,
Sed fublime volans nocti se immiscuit atræ.*

VIRGIL, *Æ.* X.



A P P E N D I X, &c.

WHEN these Poems were first printed, it was thought best to leave the question of their authenticity to the determination of the impartial Public. The Editor contented himself with intimating his opinion, [Pref. p. xii, xiii.] that the external evidence on both sides was so defective as to deserve but little attention, and that the final decision of the question must depend upon the internal evidence. To shew that this opinion was not thrown out in order to mislead the enquiries and judgements of the readers, I have here drawn together *some observations upon THE LANGUAGE* of the poems attributed to Rowley*, which, I think, will be sufficient to prove, 1st, that they were not written in the XV Century; and 2^{dly}, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

* I have chosen this *part* of the internal evidence, because the arguments, which it furnishes, are not only very decisive, but also lie within a moderate compass. For the same reason of brevity, I have confined my observations to a *part* only of this *part*, viz. to *words*, considered with respect to their *significations* and *inflexions*. A complete examination of this subject *in all its parts* would be a work of length.

The proof of the second proposition would in effect carry with it that of the first; but, notwithstanding, I choose to treat them separately and to begin with the first.

I shall premise only one *postulatum*, which is, that Poets of the same age and country use the same language, allowances being made for certain varieties, which may arise from the local situation, the rank in life, the learning, the affectation of the writers, and from the different subjects and forms of their compositions*.

This being granted, I have nothing to do but to prove, that the language of the poems attributed to Rowley (when every proper allowance has been made) is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Century, in many material particulars. It would be too tedious to go through them all; and therefore I shall only take notice of such as can be referred to three general heads; the *first* consisting of words

* Of these varieties all, except the first, are more properly varieties of *style* than of *language*. The *local situation* of a writer may certainly produce a *provincial dialect*, which will often differ essentially from the language used at the same time in other parts of the same country. But this can only happen in the case of persons of no education and totally illiterate; and such persons seldom write. It is unnecessary however to discuss this point very accurately, as nobody, I believe, will contend, that the poems attributed to Rowley are written in any *provincial dialect*. If there should be a few words in them, which are now more common at Bristol than at London, it should be remembered that Chatterton was of Bristol,

not used by any other writer; the *second*, of words used by other writers, but in a different sense; and the *third*, of words inflected in a manner contrary to grammar and custom.

Under the *first* head I would recommend the following words to the reader's consideration.

1. ABESSIE. E. III. 89.

Whylest the congeon flowrette *abessie* dyghte.

2. ABORNE. T. 45.

Sneth oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde *aborne*.

3. ABREDYNGE. Æ. 334.

Agylted Ælla, thie *abredynge* blynge.

4. ACROOLE. El. 6.

Didde speke *acroole*, wythe languishment of eyne.

5. ADAVE. H. 2. 402.

The fynest dame the sun or moone *adave*.

6. ADENTE. Æ. 396. ADENTED. G. 32.

Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys *adente*.

Adented prowess to the gite of witte.

7. ADRAMES. Ep. 27.

Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte *adrames*.

8. ALATCHE. Æ. 117.

Leave me swythe or I'lle *alatche*.

9. ALMER. Ch. 20.

Where from the hail-stone coulde the *almer* flie?

10. ALUSTE. H. 1. 88.

That Alured coulde not hymself *alusfe*.

11. ALYNE. T. 79.

Wythe murther tyred he flynges hys bowe *alyne*:

12. ALYSE. Le. 29.—G. 180.

Somme dryblette share you shoulde to that *alyse*.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee *alise*.

13. ANERE. Æ. 15.—Ep. 48.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe *anere*?

————— Adieu untylle *anere*.

14. ANETE. p. 281. 64.

Whych yn the blofom woulde fuch fins *anete*.

15. APPLINGS. E. 1. 33.

Mie tendre *applynges* and embodyde trees.

16. ARROW-LEDE: H. 1. 74.

Han by his foundynge *arrowe-lede* bene fleyne.

17. ASENGLAVE. H. 1. 117.

But Harold's *asenglave* stopp'd it as it flewe.

18. ASLEE. Æ. 504.

That doest *aslee* alonge ynn doled dystresse.

19. ASSWAIE. Æ. 352.

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe *asswaie*

Moe torturynge peynes, &c.

20. ASTENDE. G. 47.

Acheke the mokie aire and heaven *astende*.

I stop here, not because the other Letters of the alphabet would not afford a proportionable number of words which might be referred to this head, but because I think these sufficient for my purpose. I proceed therefore to set down an equal number of words under the *second* general head.

1. ABOUNDE. H. I. 55.

His cristede beaver dyd him smalle *abounde*.

The common sense of *Abound*, a verb, is well known; but what can be the meaning of it here?

2. ALEDGE. G. 5.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn ne *aledge* stonde.

Aledge, or *Alege*, v. Fr. in Chaucer signifies *to alleviate*. It is here used either as an adjective or as an adverb. Chatterton interprets it to mean *idly*; upon what ground I cannot guess.

3. ALL A BOON. E. III. 41 —p. 23. l. 4.

All-a-boon, fyr Priest, *all-a-boon*.

Thys ys the onelie *all-a-boone* I crave.

Here are three English words, the sense of which, taken separately, is clear. As joined together in this passage they are quite unintelligible.

4. ALLEYN. E. I. 52.

Mie sonne, mie sonne *alleyn* ystorven ys.

Granting *alleyn* to be rightly put for *alone*, no ancient writer, I apprehend, ever used such a phrase as this; any more than we should now say—*my son alone* for *my only son*.

5. ASCAUNCE. E. III. 52.

Lokeynge *ascaunce* upon the naighboure greene.

The usual sense of *ascaunce* in Chaucer, and other old writers, has been explained in a note on ver. 7327. of the Canterbury Tales. It is used in the same sense by Gascoigne. The more modern adverb *ascaunce*, signifying *sideways, obliquely*, is derived from the Italian *a schiancio*, and I doubt very much whether it had been introduced into the English language in the time of the supposed Rowley.

6. ASTERTE. G. 137.

————— You have theyr worthe *asterte*.

I despair of finding any authorized sense of the word *asterte*, that will suit this passage. It cannot, I think, signify *neglected* or *passed by*, as Chatterton has rendered it.

7. AUMERE. Æ. 398.—Ch. 7. AUMERES. E. III. 25.

Depycte wyth skylled honde upponn thie wyde *aumere*.
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose *deste aumere*.
Wythe gelten *aumeres* stronge ontolde.

The only place in which I remember to have met with this word is in Chaucer's Romant of the Rose, ver. 2271. and there it undoubtedly signifies *a purse*; probably from the Fr. *Aumoniere*. *Aumere of silk* is Chaucer's translation of *Bourse de soye*. In another place of the same poem, ver. 2087. he uses *aumener* in the same sense. The interpretations given of this word by Chatterton will be considered below.

8. BARBED.

8. BARBED. Æ. 27. 219.

Nott, whan from the *barbed* horſe, &c.

Mie lord fadre's *barbde* halle han ne wynnynge.

Let it be allowed, that *barbed horſe* was a proper expreſſion, in the XV Century, for a *horſe covered with armour*, can any one conceive that *barbed hall* ſignified a *hall in which armour was hung?* or what other ſenſe can *barbde* have in this paſſage?

9. BLAKE. Æ. 178. 407.

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and ſonne-brente doe appere.

Blake ſtandeth future doome, and joie doth mee alyſe.

Blake, in old Engliſh, may ſignifie either *black*, or *bleak*. Chatterton, in both theſe paſſages, renders it *naked*; and, in the latter, ſome ſuch ſignification ſeems abſolutely neceſſary to make any ſenſe.

10. BODYKIN. Æ. 265.

And for a *bodykyn* a *ſwarthe* obteyne.

Bodekin is uſed by Chaucer more than once to ſignifie a *bodkin* or *dagger*. I know not that it had any other ſignification in his time. *Swarthe*, uſed as a noun, has no ſenſe that I am acquainted with.

11. BORDEL. E. III. 2.—Æ. 147. BORDELIER. Æ. 410.

Goe ſerche the logges and *bordels* of the hynde.

We wylle in a *bordelle* lyve.

Hailie the robber and the *bordelyer*.

Though

Though *bordel*, in very old French, signifies a *cottage*, and *bordelier* a *cottager*, Chaucer uses the first word in no other sense than that of *brothel* or *bawdy-house*; and *bordeller* with him means the keeper of such a house. After this usage of these words was so established, it is not easy to believe that any later writer would hazard them in their primitive sense.

12. BYSMARE. M. 95.

Roaringe and rolleyng on yn course *bysmare*.

Bysmare, in Chaucer, signifies *abusive speech*; nor do I believe that it ever had any other signification.

13. CHAMPYON, v. P G. 12.

Wee better for to doe do *champion* anie onne.

I do not believe that *champion* was used as a *verb* by any writer much earlier than Shakespeare.

14. CONTAKE. T. 87. CONTEKE. E. II. 10.

—— I *contake* thie waie.

Conteke the dynnyng ayre and reche the skies.

Conteke is used by Chaucer, as a *noun*, for *Contention*. I know no instance of its being used as a *verb*.

15. DERNE. Æ. 582. DERNIE. E. I. 19. El. 8. M. 106.

Whan thou didst boaste foe moche of actyon *derne*.

Oh Raufe, comme lyst and hear mie *dernie* tale.

O gentle Juga, heare mie *dernie* plainte.

He wrythde arounde yn drearie *dernie* payne.

Derne is a Saxon adj. signifying *secret*, *private*, in which sense it is used more than once by Chaucer, and in no other.

16. DROORIE.

16. DROORIE. Ep. 47.

Botte lette ne wordes, whiche *droorie* mote ne heare,
Bee placed in the same ———.

The only sence that I know of *druerie* is *courtship*, *gallantry*,
which will not suit with this passage.

17. FONNES. E. II. 14. Æ. 421. FONS. T. 4.

Decorn wyth *fonnes* rare ———.

On of the *fonnis* whych the clerche have made.

Quayntyffed *fons* depictedd on eche sheelde.

A *fonne* in Chaucer signifies a *fool*, and *fonnes*—*fools*; and
Spenser uses *fon* in the same sence; nor do I believe that it
ever had any other meaning.

18. KNOPPED. M. 14.

Theyre myghte ys *knopped* ynne the froste of fere.

Knopped is used by Chaucer to signifie *fastened* with a button,
from *knoppe*, a button; but what poet, that knew the meaning
of his words, would say that any thing was *buttoned with
frost*?

19. LECTURN. Le. 46.

An onlist *lecturn* and a songe adygne.

I do not see that *lecturn* can possibly signifie any thing but a
reading-desk, in which sence it is used by Chaucer.

20. LITHIE. Ep. 10.

Inne *litbie* moncke apperes the barronnes pryde.

If there be any such word as this, we should naturally ex-
pect

pect it to follow the signification of *lithe*; soft, limber: which will not suit with this passage.

I go on to the *third* general head of words inflected contrary to grammar and custom. In a language like ours, in which the inflections are so few and so simple, it is not to be supposed that a writer, even of the lowest class, would commit very frequent offences of this sort. I shall take notice of some, which I think impossible to have fallen from a genuine Rowley.

1. CLEVIS. H. 2. 46.

Fierce as a *clevis* from a rocke ytorne.

Clevis or *cleves* is the plural number of *Cleve*, a cliff. It is so used by Chaucer. I cannot believe that it was ever used as a singular noun.

EYNE. E. II. 79. T. 169. See also Æ. 681.

In everich *eyne* aredyngne nete of wyere.

Wythe fyke an *eyne* shee swotelie hymm dydd view.

Eyne, a contraction of *eyen*, is the plural number of *eye*. It is not more probable that an ancient writer should have used the expressions here quoted, than that any one now should say—*In every eyes*;—*With such an eyes*.

HEIE. E. II. 15. T. 123. Le. 5. 9. Ent. 2. Æ. 355.

Heie, the old plural of *He*, was obsolete, I apprehend, in the time of the supposed Rowley. At least it is very improbable that the same writer, at any time, should use *heie* and *theie* indifferently, as in these poems.

THYSSSEN. E. II. 87.

Lette *thyssen* menne, who haveth sprite of love.

I cannot believe that *thyssen* was ever in use as the plural number of *this*. The termination seems to have been added, for the sake of the metre, by one who knew that many words formerly ended in *en*, but was quite ignorant of what particular sorts they were. In the same manner *coyen*. *Æ.* 125. and *sothen*. *Æ.* 227. are put for *coy* and *sothe*, contrary to all usage or analogy.

And this leads me to the capital blunder, which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit; I mean, the termination of *verbs in the singular number* in *n* *. I will set down a number of instances, in which *han* is used for the present or past time *singular* of the v. *Have*; only premising, that *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never used by any ancient writer except in the present time *plural* and the infinitive mode.

P. 26. v. 9. The Brytish Merlyn oftenne *hanne*

The gyfte of inspyration.

* It is not surprizing that Chatterton should have been ignorant of a peculiarity of the English language, which appears to have escaped the observation of a professed editor of Chaucer. Mr. Urry has very frequently lengthened *verbs in the singular number*, by adding *n* to them, without any authority, I am persuaded, even from the errors of former Editions or MSS. It might seem invidious to point out living writers, of acknowledged learning, who have slipped into the same mistake in their imitations of Chaucer and Spenser.

Ba. 2.

Ea. 2. The featherd songster chaunticleer

Han wounde hys bugle horne.

Æ. 685. Echone wylle wyssen hee *hanne* seene the daie.

734. Bryghte sonne *han* ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte.

650. Whanne Englonde *han* her foemenn.

1137. — — Mie stede *han* notte mie love.

1184. *Hanne* alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle

Fallen onne mie benned headde I *hanne* been Ælla
styllle.

G. 20. *Hane* Englonde thenne a tongue butte notte a styng?

M. 61. A tye of love a dawter faire she *hanne*.

H. 1. 74. Ne doubting but the bravest in the londe

Han by his foundynge arrowe-lede bene fleyne.

182. Where he by chance *han* slayne a noble's son.

184. And in the battel he much goode *han* done.

188. He of his boddie *han* kepte watch and ward.

207. His chaunce in warr he ne before *han* tryde.

281. The erlie felt de Torcies trecherous knyfe

Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe.

319. O Hengist, *han* thy cause bin good and true!

321. The erlie was a manne of hie degree,

And *han* that daie full manie Normannes fleine.

337. But better *han* it bin to lett alone.

If more instances should be wanted, see H. 1. 396. 429.

455. H. 2. 316. 713.—p. 275. ver. 4.—p. 281. ver. 63.—
p. 288. ver. 1.

In

In the same irregular manner the following verbs are used *singularly*.

E. I. 10. Then *fallen* on the ground and thus yspoke.

H. 2. 675. Bewopen Alfwould *fallen* on his knee.

P. 287. ver. 17. For thee I *gotten* or bie wiles or breme.

H. 1. 252. He turned about and vilely *souten* flie.

H. 2. 349. Fallyng he *shooken* out his smokyng braine.

H. 2. 344. His sprite—Ne *shoulden* find a place in anie songe.

Æ. 172. So Adam *thoughtenne* when ynn paradyse——

1136. Tys now fulle morne; I *thoughten*, bie laste nyghte—

Ch. 54. Full well it *shewn*, he *thoughten* coste no finne.

See also H. 2. 376. where *thoughten*, with the additional syllable, not being quite long enough for the verse, has had another syllable added at the beginning.

Ne onne abash'd *enthoughten* for to flee.

And (what is still more curious) we have a participle of the present tense formed from this fictitious past time, in Æ. 704.

Entoughteyng for to scape the *brondeynge* foe—

Which would not have been a bit more intelligible in the XV Century than it would be now. *Brondeynge* will be taken notice of below.

Many other instances of the most unwarrantable anomalies might be produced under this head; but I think I have said enough to prove, that the language of these poems is totally different from that of the other English writers of the XV Cen-

tury;

tury; and consequently that they were not written in that century; which was my first proposition. I shall now endeavour to prove, from the same internal evidence of the language, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

For this purpose it will only be necessary to have recourse to those interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which were confessedly written by him*. It will soon appear, if I am not much mistaken, that the author of the Glossary was the author of the Poems.

Whoever will take the pains to examine these interpretations will find, that they are almost all taken from SKINNER'S *Etymologicon Linguae Anglicanae* †. In many cases, where the

* This is a point so material to the following argument, that, though it has never hitherto, I believe, been made a question, it ought not perhaps to be assumed without some proof. It may be said, that Chatterton was only the *transcriber* of the Glossary as well as of the Poems. If to such an assertion we were to answer, that Chatterton always declared himself the *author* of the Glossaries, we should be told perhaps, that with equal truth he always declared Rowley to have been the author of the Poems. But (not to insist upon the very different weight, which the same testimony might be allowed to have in the two cases) it has happened luckily, that the Glossary to the Poem, entitled "*English Metamorphosis*," [See p. 196.] was written down by Chatterton extemporally, without the assistance of any book, at the desire and in the presence of Mr. Barrett. Whoever will compare that Glossary with the others, will have no doubt of their being all from the same hand.

† Printed at London, MDCLXXI. The part, which Chatterton seems to have chiefly consulted, is that, which begins at Sign. U u u u, and is entitled "*Etymologicon vocum omnium antiquarum Anglicarum, quæ usque a Wilhelmo Victore invaluerunt, &c.*"

words

words are really ancient, the interpretations are perfectly right ; and so far Chatterton can only be considered in the light of a commentator, who avails himself of the best assistances to explain any genuine author. But in many other instances, where the words are either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense, the interpretations are totally unfounded and fantastical ; and at the same time the words cannot be altered or amended consistently with any rules of criticism, nor can the interpretations be varied without destroying the sense of the passage. In these cases, I think, there is a just ground for believing, that the words as well as their interpretations came from the hand of Chatterton, especially as they may be proved very often to have taken their rise either from blunders of Skinner himself, or from such mistakes and misapprehensions of his meaning as Chatterton, from haste and ignorance, was very likely to fall into.

I will state first some instances of words and interpretations which have evidently been derived from blunders of Skinner.

ALL A BOON. E. III. 41. See before, p. 315.

A manner of asking a favour, says Chatterton.

Now let us hear Skinner.

“ All a bone, exp. Preces, Supplex Libellus, Supplicatio, vel ut jam loquimur Petitio viro Principi exhibita, ni fallor ab A. S. Bene, unde nostrum *Boon* additis particulis Fr. G. *A la*. Ch. Fab. Mercatoris fol. 30. p. 1. Col. 2.”

The passage of Chaucer which is referred to, as an authority for this word, is the following, *Canterb. Tales*, ver. 9492.

“ And alderfirst he bade hem *all a bone*,” i. e. he made a request to them all. So that Skinner is entirely mistaken in making one phrase of these three words; and it is surely more probable that the author of the poems was misled by him, than that a really ancient writer should have been guilty of so egregious a blunder.

AUMERES. E. III. 25. is explained by Chatterton to mean *Borders of gold and silver*, &c. And AUMERE in *Æ.* 398, and Ch. 7. seems to be used in the same sense of *a border of a garment*. And so Skinner has by mistake explained the word, in that passage of Chaucer which has been mentioned above [See p. 316, where the true meaning of *Aumere* is given].

“ *Aumere* ex contextu videtur *Fimbria* vel *Inflata*, nescio an a Teut. *Umbrer*, Circum, Circa. q. d. Circuitus seu ambitus. *Ch.* f. 119. p. 1. C. 1.”

BAWSIN. *Æ.* 57. *Large*. Chatterton. M. 101. *Huge*, *bulky*. Chatterton.

Without pretending to determine the precise meaning of *Bawsin*, I think I may venture to say that there is no older or better authority for rendering it *large*, than Skinner. “ *Bawsin*, exp. *Magnus*, *Grandis*, &c.”

BRONDEOUS. E. II. 24. *Furious*. Chatterton. BRONDED. H. 2. 568. BRONDEYNGE. *Æ.* 704. BURLIE BRONDE. G. 7. *Fury*, *anger*. Chatterton. See also H. 2. 674.

All these uses of *Bronde*, and its supposed derivatives, are taken from Skinner. “*Bronde*, exp. *Furia*, &c.” though in another place he explains *Burly brand* (I believe, rightly) to mean *Magnus ensis*. It should be observed, that the phrase *Burly brand*, if used in its true sense, would still have been liable to suspicion, as it does not appear in any work, that I am acquainted with, prior to the *Testament of Cresseide*, a Scottish composition, written many years after the time of the supposed Rowley.

BURLED. M. 20. *Armed*. Chatterton, So Skinner, “*Burled*, exp. *Armatus*, &c.”

BYSMARE. M. 95. *Bewildered, curious*. Chatterton. BYSMARELIE. Le. 26. *Curiously*. Chatterton. See also p. 285. ver. 141. BISMARDE.

It is evident, I think, that all these words are originally derived from Skinner, who has very absurdly explained *Bismare* to mean *Curiosity*. The true meaning has been stated above, p. 318.

CALKE. G. 25. *Cast*. Chatterton. CALKED. E. I. 49. *Cast out, ejected*. Chatterton. This word appears to have been formed upon a misapprehension of the following article in Skinner. “*Talked*, exp. *Tast*, credo *Tast* up.” Chatterton did not attend to the difference between *casting out* and *casting up*, i. e. *casting up figures in calculation*. That the latter was Skinner’s meaning may be collected from his next article. “*Talked* for *Calculated*. Ch. the Frankeleynes tale.” It is probable too, I

think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by mistake, to a line of *the Frankelein's tale*, which in the common editions stands thus :

“ Ful subtelly he had *calked* al this.”

Where *calked* is a mere misprint for *calculated*, the reading of the MSS. See the late Edit. ver. 11596.

It would be easy to add many more instances of words, *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, which repeatedly occur in these poems, and must be construed according to those fanciful significations which Skinner has ascribed to them. How that should have happened, unless either Skinner had read the Poems (which, I presume, nobody can suppose,) or the author of the Poems had read Skinner, I cannot see. It is against all odds, that two men, living at the distance of two hundred years one from the other, should accidentally agree in coining the same words, and in affixing to them exactly the same meaning.

I proceed to state some instances of words and interpretations which are evidently founded upon misapprehensions of passages in Skinner.

ALYSE. Le. 29. G. 180. *Allow*. Chatterton. See before, P. 314.

Till I meet with this word, in this sense, in some approved author, I shall be of opinion that it has been formed from a mistaken reading of the following article in Skinner. “ *Alifed*,
Authori

Authori Dict. Angl. apud quem solum occurrit, exp. *Allowed*, ab A S. *Alpeb*, &c." In the Gothic types used by Skinner *f* might be easily mistaken for a long *f*.

BESTOIKER. Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. Chatterton. See also Æ. 1064.

This word also seems plainly to have originated from a mistake in reading Skinner. "*Bestrike*, ab A S. *Berpican*, *Spican*, *Decipere*, *Fallere*, *Prodere*, *Spica*, *Proditor*, *Deceptor*." Chatterton in his hurry read this as *Bestrike*, and formed a noun from it accordingly.

BLAKE. Æ. 178. 407. *Naked*. Chatterton. BLAKIED. E. III. 4. *Naked, original*. Chatterton. See before, p. 317.

Skinner has the following article. "*Blake and bare*, videtur ex contextu prorsus *Nuda*, fort. q. d. *Blesk and Bare*, dum enim nudi sumus, eoque aeri expositi præ frigore pallefcimus. Ch. fol. 184. p. 1. Col. 1."

Chatterton has caught hold of *Nuda*, which in Skinner is the exposition of *Bare*, as if it belonged to *Blake*.

HANCELLED. G. 49. *Cut off, destroyed*. Chatterton. *Hancelled* from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee.

Skinner has the same word, which he thus explains. "*Hancelled*, exp. *Cut off*, credo dici proprie, vel primario saltem, tantum de prima portione seu segmento quod ad tentandam seu explorandam rem abscindimus, ut ubi dicimus, *to hancell a pasty or a gammon of bacon*." Chatterton, who had
neither

neither inclination nor perhaps ability to make himself master of so long a piece of Latin, appears to have looked no further than the two English words at the beginning of this explanation; and understanding *Cut off* to mean *Destroyed*, he has used *Hancelled* in the same sense.

SHAP. Æ. 34. G. 18. *Fate*. Chatterton. SHAP-SCURGED. Æ. 603. *Fate-scourged*. Chatterton.

Shap haveth now ymade hys woes for to emmate.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer *shap*.——

There ys ne house athrow thys *shap-scurged* isle.

I never was able to conceive how *Shap* should have been used in the English language to signify *Fate*, till I observed the following article in Skinner. “*Shap, now is my shap, nunc mihi Fato præstitutum est (i. e.) now is it Shapen to me, ab. A S. Sceapan, &c.*” I suppose that the word *Fato*, in the Latin, led Chatterton to understand *now is my shap* to mean *now is my fate*.

The passage, to which Skinner refers, is in the Knight's tale of Chaucer, ver. 1227.

Now is me shap eternally to dwelle

Not only in purgatorie but in helle.

But in the Edit. of 1602, which Skinner appears to have made use of, it is written *Now is me shap*. The putting of *my* for *me* was probably a mistake of the Printer, as Skinner's explanation shews that he read *me*.

I fancy

I fancy the generality of readers will be satisfied by the foregoing quotations, that the Author of these poems had not only read Skinner, but has also misapprehended and misapplied what he found in him. If more instances should be wanted, a comparison of the words explained by Chatterton with the same or similar words as explained by Skinner, will furnish them in abundance*. I shall therefore conclude this Appendix with a short view of the preceding argument.

It

* I will state shortly some of those words, which have been cited above, p. 313. as *either not ancient or not used in their ancient sense*, with their corresponding articles in Skinner.

ABESSIE; *Humility*. C.—*Abessed*; —*Humiliatus*. Sk.

ABORNE; *Burnished*, C.—*Borne*; *Burnish*. Sk. It was usual with Chatterton to prefix *a* to words of all sorts, without any regard to custom or propriety. See in the Alphabetical Gloss. *Aboune*, *Abrew*, *Acome*, *Aderne*, *Adygne*, *Agrame*, *Agreme*, *Alest*, &c.

ABOUNDE. This word Chatterton has not interpreted, but the context shews that it is used in the sense of *good*. So that I suspect it was taken from the following article in Skinner. *Abone*.—a Fr. G. *Abonnir*; *Bonum facere*.

ABREDYNGE; *Upbraiding*. C.—*Abrede*, exp. *Upbraid*. Sk.

ACROOL; *Faintly*. C.—*Trool*, exp. *Murmurare*. Sk. See the remark upon ABORNE.

ADEnte, ADEntED; *Fastened, annexed*. C.—*Adent*; —*Configere, Conjungere*. Sk.

ALUSTE has no interpretation; but it is used in the sense of *raise*. Perhaps it may have been derived from a mistaken reading of *Ajust*, which is explained by Skinner to mean *Tollere*. See the remarks upon *Alyse* and *Bestoiker*, p. 328, 329.

DERNE,

It has been proved, that the poems attributed to Rowley were not written in the XV Century; and it follows of course, that they were written, at a subsequent period, by some impostor, who endeavoured to counterfeit an author of that century.

It has been proved, that this impostor lived since Skinner, and that the same person wrote the interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which are subjoined to most of the poems.

It has also been proved, that Chatterton wrote those interpretations of words.

Whether any thing further be necessary to prove, that the poems were entirely written by Chatterton, is left to the reader's judgement. If he should stick at the word *entirely*, which may possibly seem to carry the conclusion a little beyond the premises, he is desired to reflect, that, the poems having been proved to be a forgery since the time of Skinner, and to have been written in great part by Chatterton, it is infinitely more

DERNE, DERNIE; *Woeful, lamentable, cruel*. C.—Derne; *Dirus, crudelis*. Sk.

DROORIE; *Modesty*. C.—Drury; *Modestia*. Sk.

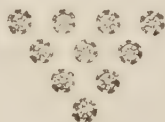
FONS, FONNES; *Fancys, Devices*. C.—Fonnes; *Devifes*. Sk.

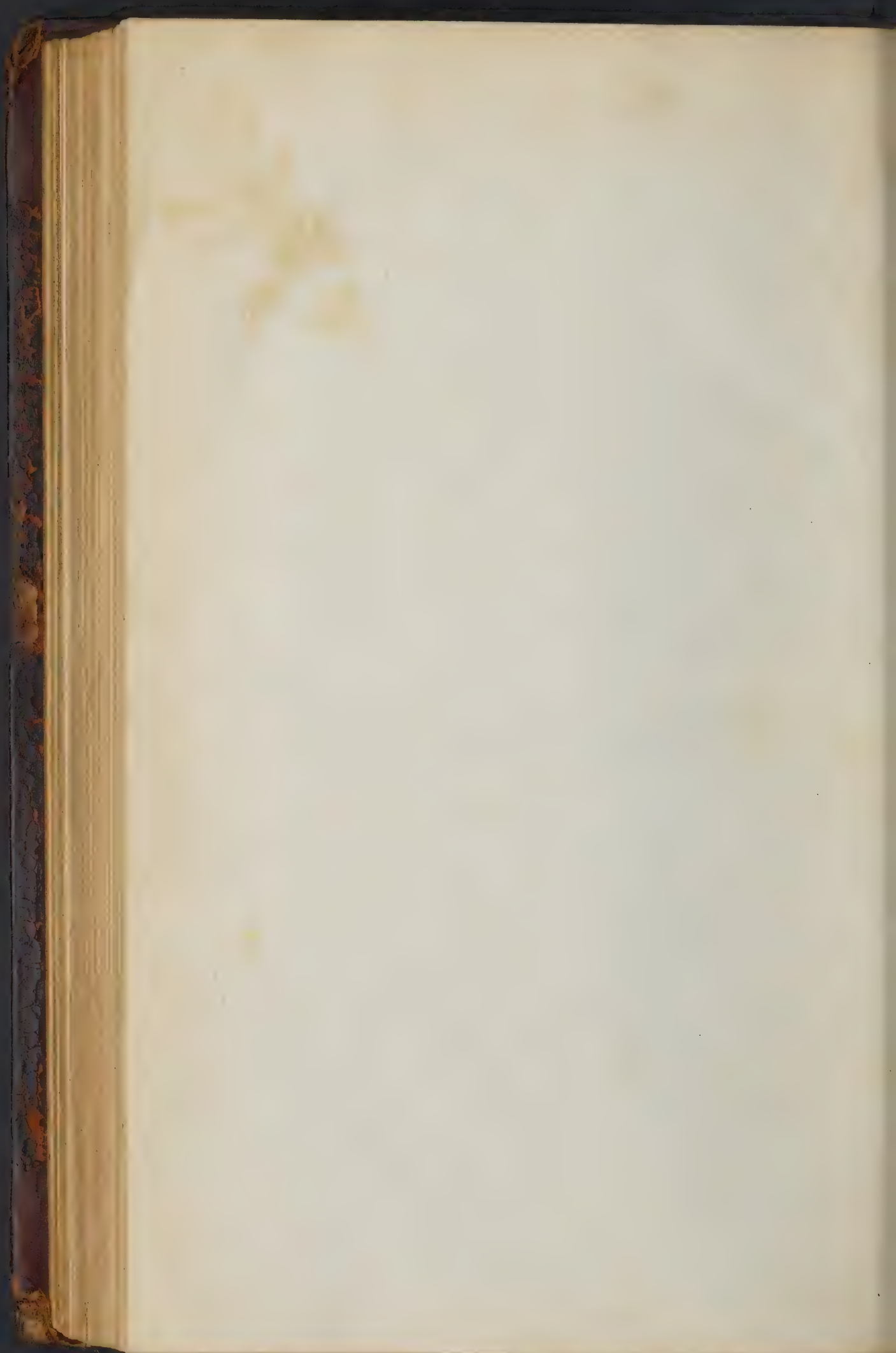
KNOPPED; *Fastened, chained, congealed*. C.—Knopped; *Tied*. Sk.

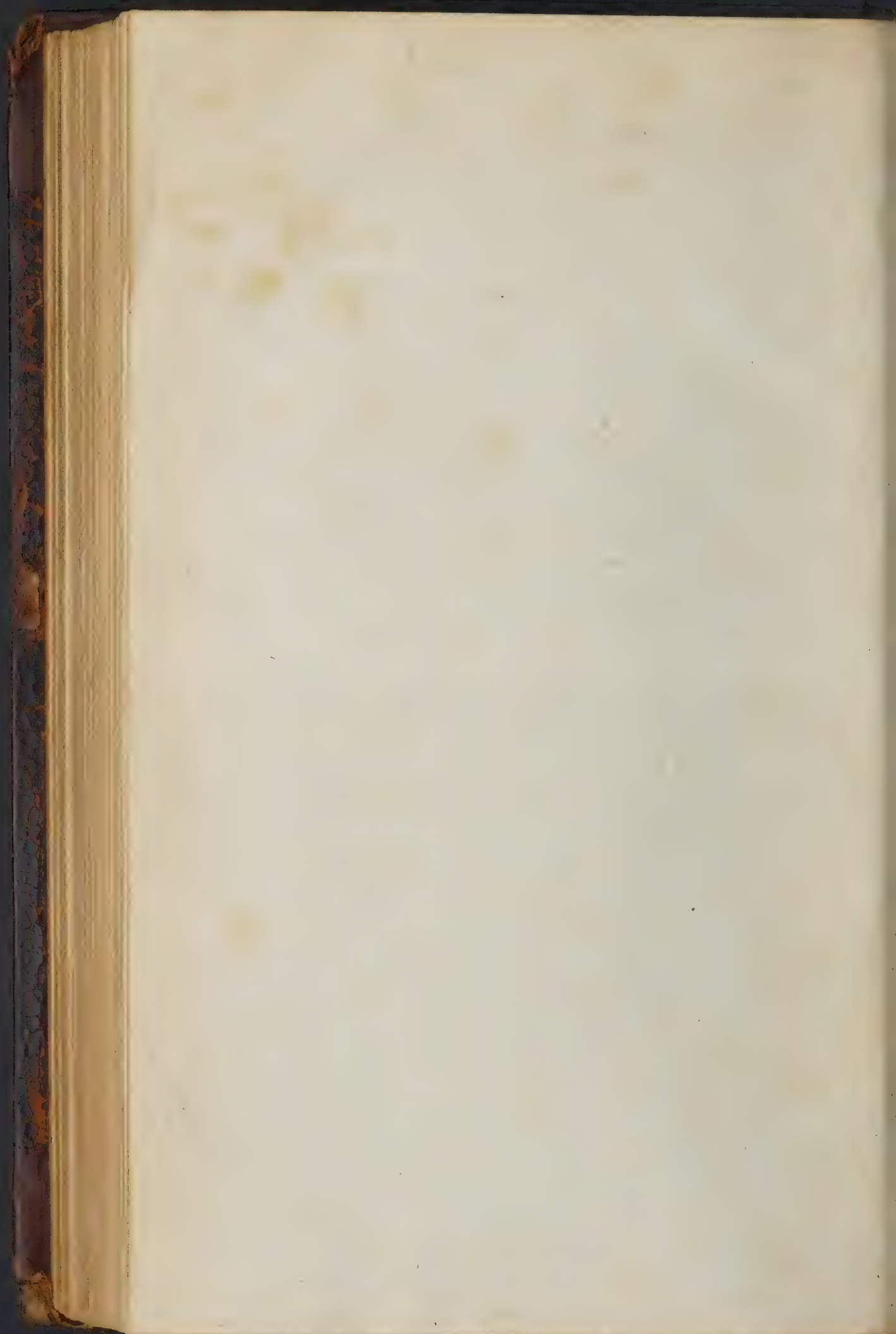
LITHIE; *Humble*. C.—Lithy; *Humble*. Sk. But in truth I do not believe that there is any such word. Skinner probably found it in his edition of Chaucer's *Cuckow and Nighbtingale*, ver. 14. where the MSS. have LITHER (*wicked*), which is undoubtedly the right reading.

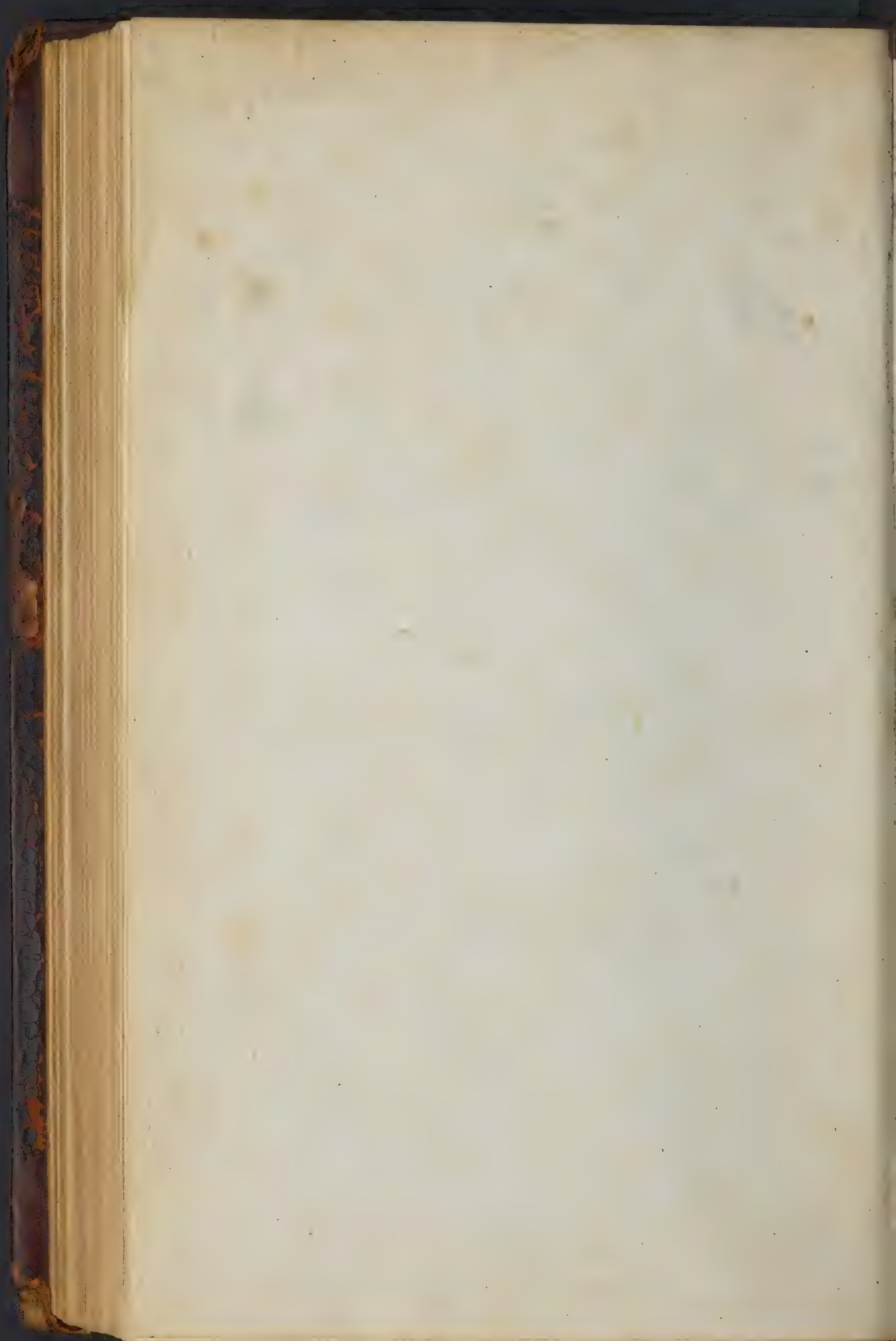
probable

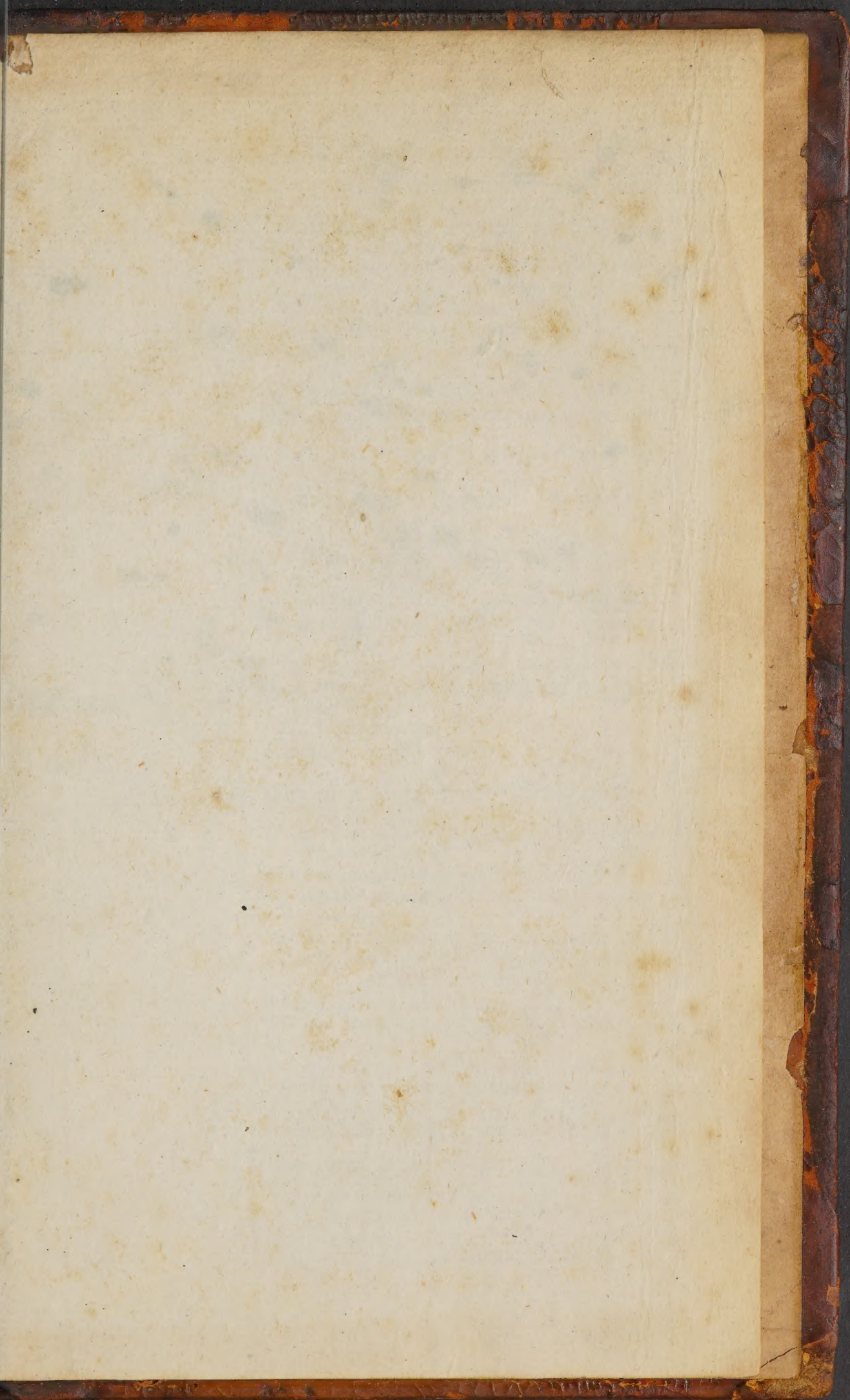
probable that the remainder was also written by him than by any other person. The great difficulty is to conceive that a youth, like Chatterton, should ever have formed the plan of such an imposture, and should have executed it with so much perseverance and ingenuity; but if we allow (as I think we must) that he was the author of those pieces to which he subjoined his interpretations, I can see no reason whatever for supposing that he had any assistance in the rest. The internal evidence is strong that they are all from one hand; and external evidence there is none, that I have been able to meet with, which ought to persuade us, that a single line, of verse or prose, purporting to be the work of ROWLEY, existed before the time of CHATTERTON.











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*The Monke's Complaynte to Alma Mater of dyverse
newe Matters wroughte in Oxenforde Citie.*

Quantum mutata ab illa. <sup>by a multitude
of Monks of
Bath.</sup>

I.

WHIE, Holie Mother, whie dothe ruthlesse Honde
Thus smyte thie Gates of hoarie Majestie*?
Workynge rude Spoyle, wheare Scyence kepte hyr
Stonde,

Contente to flowte all gawdie Fantasie.

Staie, Holie Mother, staie soche Vanitie,

Albe soe trym, thys noughte beseemythe thee.

II.

No goodlie Syghte of Bedesman's conynge Cellet,
Wheare Urchyn Wyfdome crawlyde for the thie
Lappe;

No sturdie Porche wheare Valor's Chylde dyd
dwellet,

Swyllynge hys Lore from oute thie plenteous
Pappe.

Staie, Holie Mother, staie soche Vanitie,

Albe soe trym, thys noughte beseemythe thee.

III.

Attwontede Noone, thie Trenchermenne unseene[†],
Att Eve, unhearde thie Chaunte of godlie
Tonge[‡],

More godlie farre, soche Holie Chaunte I weene,
Than mottrynge Clerke, wyth Masse ne sayde
ne songe.

Staie, Holie Mother, staie soche Vanitie

Albe soe trym, thys noughte beseemythe thee.

IV.

Nyghtes starrie Hoste, mydst sleddie Pathe dothe
byde,

Ne soffrythe Chaunge thylke Lampe whyche
rulythe Daie;

Ah lett not Showe of Mortals wytlesse Pryde!

Bedymme thie heavenlie Cowise, swete Saunte!
we praie.

Staie, Holie Mother, staie all Vanitie,

Nor be more trymm, thanerste beseemyde thee.

ROBERTUS DE GLASTON.

* *The City Gates are all taken down.*

† *Fryar Bacon's Study, an ancient Tower so
called, is taken down.*

‡ *Queen's College old Gateway, where Henry
the Fifth had his Rooms, the painted Glasse Win-
dow of which Room, with his Portrait, was
lately in a Citizen's House, unclaimed by the Col-
lege.*

§ *The usual Hour of Dinner was Twelve
o'Clock, now changed to Three.*

¶ *The chaunting of the Service in the Choir is
abolished lately.*

